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ILLUSTRATED

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THE GREAT YALE-HARVARD RACE AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.



THE HARVARD CREW RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM COACH WATSON.—PHOTOGRAPH BY HEMMENT.



THE YALE CREW AWAITING THE "WORD" FOR A TRIAL SPIN.—PHOTOGRAPH BY HEMMENT.

The annual Yale-Harvard boat-race at New London is upon us once more, and the one question which unsettles the minds of the many thousand followers of the great and historic boating event of the year is: Will the rival universities, when the winning boat shall have crossed the finish line on Friday, June 28th, arrange for future contests?

The question of which crew will win has long ceased to be a "burning question of the hour," because of the almost unbroken succession of Yale victories; but were this otherwise, the discussion of chances would be swamped in the speculations as to the outcome of the recent Harvard-Cornell two-year agreement to play base-ball and foot-ball and row a four-mile race, as affecting the immediate future of Yale athletics. Indeed, without Harvard, her natural antagonist to cross sweeps with, for instance, who shall Yale row in order to keep green her rowing interests? Presumably not the University of Pennsylvania, and in a cursory glance about, Columbia looms up as the only possibility. While on the face of this Cornell agreement it looks very much as though Harvard were determined to cut away from Yale for the present—at least for two years—there are those who believe that Yale's ill-advised letter, demanding of Harvard an apology, will not bear such unwholesome fruit.

After the race, when the boating authorities of Yale and Harvard meet, the question at least of another boat-race will no doubt receive attention, and perhaps an answer; and until then further discussion seems profitless.

We have now to consider the meeting of the sixteen sturdy sons of Yale and Harvard over the beautiful four-mile course on the Thames. Pictured in their racing shells, they look the rowing giants they really are. The men of Yale, however, loom up as the beefy crew of the two, but this fact may be better realized by a study of the accompanying table, which contains complete and accurate statistics of the men.

A brief review of the winter and spring work of the two crews is now in order. A comparison furnishes at once a most astonishing story of "Harvard luck," for while the Yale crew from the moment almost of beginning training was a made one, and as such rowed together with unusually few changes, their

rivals, for one reason and another, were in a continual state of disruption.

Fennessey started the ball a-rolling by resigning the office of captain, to which he had been elected by his racing mates of the previous year. Then Townsend, who rowed at four last year, stopped training altogether, and Sprague, a most promising candidate, after practicing a while left college. After the election of Bullard the men settled down a bit, but they had hardly gotten upon the water in April when Perkins, who was looked upon as a sure man for a seat in the waist of the boat, contracted blood poisoning, and quit for good. Captain Bullard was the next unfortunate, but luckily a stiffened arm kept him inactive but one week. At this time, however, tonsillitis made its appearance and attacked the throats of the men so generally that all practice had to be abandoned for nearly a fortnight. As a most serious result, Stephenson, a promising oar, had to give up for the year.

But what of the Harvard crew now, after the trials and tribulations which some unkind persons have laid at Coach Watson's door? After talking with experts who have kept an eye upon them since their arrival at New London, I will quote the opinion of Captain Armstrong of the Yale crew, as summing up succinctly the opinions expressed: "They row very well together, keep their boat on an even keel, and seem to be possessed of power and the endurance to last out a hard race. Rowing with the wind they would prove dangerous, but I cannot see how they can do quite as well as we can against a head wind, when our greater weight is considered. Compared to last year's crew they look to be at least fifty per cent. better." An old Yale oar of '88 had this to say: "They row very well, but seem slow, and do not catch the water anywhere near as well as the Yale men. That is to say, they halt and do not run the recover into the catch in one continuous, unbroken movement. By virtue of this very fault, which they have not now the time to correct, they cannot row a fast four miles."

But the Harvard crew is not a veteran one, though Captain Bullard, Fennessey, and Lewis have rowed in 'varsity crews before, and Watriss is what one might term "an old stager." On

the other hand, Yale's eight men are all old-timers, save Langford at stroke, and what is more, they are of the veteran kind that does not allow such a condition to affect honest effort in gaining the greatest perfection of form and power possible. This fact must, of course, be taken into consideration in judging the capabilities of the crew to row not only a fast four miles, but much faster than last year.

Skeptics will declare—in fact, they have been declaring all spring—that the crew was too heavy, and that such "beefs" as Cross and Longacre should be shelved. They, however, lose sight of the fact that these two men—though "beefs" in the sense of weight—can row, and row well. Now it is a fact—and English rowing authorities make the fact good—that a good big man is better than a good little man. Heffelfinger would have been all right if he could have attained the form of a Cross.

Without doubt, the most finished oar in the Yale boat is Treadway at seven. His style is that of former Captain Ives of Yale, and, like Ives, Treadway sets the stroke for the starboard side admirably. Likewise Fennessey, the Harvard seven, is their most finished oar, and hands down the stroke with neatness and dispatch.

Holcomb for Yale, in the opinion of the coachers, rows in the poorest form—quite a card, one might well say, for Cross and Longacre, who outweigh him a dozen pounds and more—and Wrightington and Lewis bear this distinction about equally in the Harvard boat.

Bullard at stroke for Harvard, though an old man, is the equal of Langford in one respect only—to wit, strength. So far as form goes, the Yale man is away ahead, which is highly flattering when it is considered that he is a freshman, who started in six months ago rowing in wretched shape, not knowing the first principles of watermanship.

Too much cannot be said in admiration of Captain Armstrong, Yale's strong man, who, though weighing under one hundred and sixty pounds, does the work of two men of average ability and power. Besides making a fine captain, he easily bears the proud distinction of rowing at bow in better form than any

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A Vigorous Foreign Policy Promised.



WE are assured in various quarters that the foreign policy of the new Secretary of State will be considerably more pronounced and more positively American than that of his predecessor. It is even said that Mr. Cleveland at last realizes that he has not measured up to the public expectation in his treatment of international questions, and that he will cordially support the new secretary in maintaining with greater decision of purpose the rights and interests of Americans. It is to be hoped that these statements are founded in fact. The attitude of the administration on some of the questions which have arisen with foreign Powers has been wholly unsatisfactory to the great body of the people, and has, besides, exposed us to the contempt of other nations.

The new secretary will not lack for opportunity to assert himself along new and aggressive lines. He inherits from his predecessor several questions of very grave importance which must be settled without any great delay. There is, for instance, the matter of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and its nullification by Great Britain. This treaty, ratified in 1850, pledged the contracting Powers to respect and maintain the neutrality of the territory in Central America through which the meditated ship-canal was to be built. It has been violated by Great Britain in setting up the British colony of Honduras and in establishing a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians, with the sole purpose of obtaining a foothold in Nicaragua. This defiance of treaty obligations has been persistent and arrogant. Why should we any longer hesitate to put an end to the farce by abrogating the treaty? There is no reason whatever why, seeing that it has been treated by Great Britain as of no binding force, we should any longer temporize with the subject.

Then, there is awaiting consideration the question of the Venezuela boundary, in which Great Britain occupies a position wholly indefensible on the score either of justice or international comity. This question involves more directly than any other the Monroe doctrine, to the defense of which we are committed by precedent and tradition. The British government, having declined to arbitrate the question, it becomes a matter of immediate consideration with us how far her aggressions are in conflict with the spirit of that doctrine. The people of this country do not demand the maintenance of this distinctively American idea in any "jingo" spirit, but they do demand that there shall be no interference from without with the self-government or the institutional forms of any American State; and if Great Britain, in her greed of territory, shall persist in seeking to establish herself on Venezuelan soil, this government should interpose actively and decisively for the defeat of her schemes.

It is probable, also, that Mr. Olney will be called upon very soon to deal with the question of violations of the neutrality laws in connection with the Cuban insurrection. If expeditions shall continue to be fitted out for hostile action against the Spanish authority in Cuba it will be our duty to arrest the offenders and to prevent the success of the undertakings. It is undoubtedly true that arms have been sent to Cuba, and one or two small expeditions have sailed from our shores. Whatever may be our sympathies with the Cubans, who have undoubtedly good cause for their revolt, we must maintain absolute neutrality, at least until the insurgents have acquired the rights of belligerency by long-continued successes.

Two or three other questions which are now pending between ourselves and other Powers are those which relate to the tariff complications with Germany, Austria, and Denmark, and the settlement of the demands for indemnity to the families of the Italians who were murdered by a mob in Colorado. If we are liable under international law for compensation to the families of these victims of race hatred and local prejudice, it is on every account desirable that we should meet our obligations promptly and fully.

One other matter which might profitably engage the

attention of the State Department is that of the prevention, in co-operation with the European Powers, of further Turkish outrages in Armenia. As yet, our government has not taken any very earnest part in the negotiations which look to the introduction of reforms in that ravaged country. It is a fallacy, however, to pretend that we are so far removed from the scene that we have no interest in the controversy which has arisen. The interests which are at stake are those of humanity, and as a Christian nation we ought to assert ourselves no less positively than foreign governments in the direction of an amelioration of the conditions which have now become intolerable.

Fighting the Money-lending Sharks.



LAST the New York Legislature has passed a law which will enable the establishment of money-lending societies, invested with power to drive from the field the dishonest pawnbrokers and money-lending sharks who have so long and cruelly imposed upon the poor of the large cities.

The people of all large cities in the State are imposed upon by extortioners, but New York and Brooklyn are their chief strongholds. The new law was originated by philanthropists in Erie County, and chiefly by the Charitable Organization Society at Buffalo. They worked faithfully, during the recent Legislative session, to secure the enactment of a bill that would permit the organization of money-lending societies, but it was not until the beginning of April that Assemblyman Schoepflin succeeded in having his bill passed by limiting its operations to counties with less than six hundred thousand inhabitants. This was to shut out New York and Brooklyn, the restriction being undoubtedly instituted by the money-sharks of those cities. Through the prompt and vigorous efforts of the directors of St. Bartholomew's Loan Bureau, who sent the manager to Albany to assist in the work, and the active co-operation of Senator Cantor and several other members of the Legislature, an amendment was passed in the early part of May extending the terms of the law to New York and Kings counties, and to all counties in the State having a population of over three hundred thousand.

The salient points of the law are that any three persons may organize a loan society for lending money on personal property up to the value of two hundred dollars. These institutions may make loans either on chattel mortgages or by taking pledges after the manner of the pawnbrokers; and each organization is required to give to the Banking Department a bond of at least five thousand dollars before it can begin business. The interest is fixed at three per cent. a month for the first two months, and two per cent. thereafter during continuance of the loan; and such societies are authorized to make a maximum charge of three dollars for the examination, appraisal, and other expenses incurred in making the loan. An important provision of the law is that which gives the Banking Department power to examine the books of institutions which are organized under this law, and as soon as their profits amount to ten per cent. on their capital the department is given the power to reduce the rates.

The law also authorizes the Banking Department to pay a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars to any victim of an extortioner who will furnish information by which money-lenders may be convicted of usurious practices. This law is now in force, and it certainly offers an opportunity for honest and conscientious men to enter into the money-lending business on purely business principles. If such persons will take advantage of the law it should not be long before the disreputable Shylocks who have so long preyed upon the community may be driven from the field, at least to the extent of preventing them from making any more victims among honest people.

A New Issue in Georgia.

GREAT excitement was created in Georgia a couple of weeks ago, when Governor Atkinson and the board of trustees of the Georgia Normal and Industrial School overruled the faculty of that institution, in granting a diploma to a young lady of high social rank who had been expelled by the faculty on a charge of cheating at her Latin examinations. A brother of the young woman, who is solicitor-general of one of the judicial circuits of Georgia, and who was a strong backer of Governor Atkinson in the recent gubernatorial campaign, appealed to the trustees, of which the Governor is chairman, begging that the young lady should be given her diploma quietly. Commencement day came, and Governor Atkinson announced on the platform, in the presence of the graduating class, that the young lady would get her diploma along with the rest of them. Deep indignation was manifested, and the Governor was hissed by the great bevy of beautiful young women present, who refused to accept their diplomas if the young lady in question was to be given hers after expulsion by the faculty under the conditions named. This was the crisis of excitement, and the whole State has been greatly agitated over the little incident ever since. The Governor explains his position, and says there was "no politics in it." He claims that he was not even present when the board of trustees decided to give the young lady her diploma, but declares

that they had a right to overrule the faculty, and did so simply because they thought the discipline of the college was too severe in inflicting such a punishment upon the offender. Many Georgia newspapers have, nevertheless, denounced the Governor and the board of trustees pitilessly for their action. It has been the sensation of the commencement season in Georgia, and is likely to become an issue in the next political campaign.

Washington as a Religious Centre.



EVERY American is proud of Washington. It is the most beautiful city of the Union, and it will not be many years before it will be the most beautiful city in the world. More than that, it has grown wonderfully in all the arts and interests that concern the larger welfare of the country.

Naturally politics dominate its life, but they do not monopolize it. The capital of the nation is swiftly becoming the winter capital of American society. Wealth is crowding to it from all parts of the country and is erecting magnificent homes and increasing the attractions of the social season, which has already reached a condition bordering upon the delirious. At any social reception or the meeting of any of the important societies at the capital we will meet representatives of a greater number of interests and more widely varied constituencies than at any other place in the country. The representatives of the nation are there officially; representatives of the society and wealth of the country are there and the representatives of the arts and professions are there as well. The experience of an experienced man is that a word from Washington will go further and to more people than from any other city. All through the West and South, especially, the interest of the people in their national capital is something that cannot be easily described, and the ambition of all is to see it before they die.

It has not taken the churches long to find all this out, and they are beginning to utilize the fact in their enterprises. They recognize in Washington the advantages of a rallying and an exhibition point at which and from which they may impress the people of the country, and send out those influences which will inspire in their followers new zeal and confidence. It is the testimony of clergymen that nothing feels the church feeling more surely than a show of largeness and prosperity at a centre of its power. The visitor from the backwoods or from the smaller towns and villages takes personal pride in seeing his church holding up its head as proudly as the proudest in a city where great buildings and institutions exist. This, of course, is not the main concern of any of the churches, but it is a fact which they recognize as affording a practical opportunity for increasing and extending their hold upon their clientele. The leaders of the churches of the day are far-sighted judges of men and affairs as well as preachers of the gospel. It is the combination of the two accomplishments that is assuring the church more substantial progress than ever before.

The three denominations that are leading in the advance upon Washington are the Roman Catholic, the Methodist, and the Episcopal. The Catholics have their university, well established under the able presidency of Bishop Keane, and near it is the residence of Archbishop Satolli, the direct representative of the Pope—a fact that indicates the concentration of Catholic power in Washington. So far the Catholics have made ground with great sureness and rapidity, and they are extending their forces all the time. The Methodists, with their practically unlimited resources, will establish the Methodist University at the capital. Bishop John F. Hurst, one of the most brilliant and capable men of the church, who has traveled over the world, and who unites business judgment with intellectual qualities of a very high order, has been at work on the plans and finances, and the result will doubtless be one of the greatest educational institutions of the country. Within a few months the Maryland diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, now including the District of Columbia, will be divided, and the Diocese of Washington will be created. Bishop Paret has administered the affairs of the diocese so well that in ten years he has doubled its strength, making the division necessary. He will in all probability go to the new Washington diocese, and he has already begun his plan of campaign by inaugurating the cathedral movement. At the nation's capital he, with the aid of the Episcopalians of the country, will erect one of the greatest cathedrals in America. It will rank with the most imposing structures of the city, and will be a point of interest and of pride to all the religious people of the land. The site is ready, and although the sum of money required will be large, it will be secured, Bishop Paret having the reputation of always succeeding in what he undertakes.

Millions of dollars are represented in these enterprises, and they are probably only the beginning of the religious advance. The Baptists, with their enormous membership in the South, may be the next, and there are already intimations of regret that the university of Chicago was not placed at Washington, but these rumors are not corroborated. The Presbyterians are very strong in Washington, and it would be interesting to know if they, too, contemplate a large and aggressive move. The other denominations

may have plans which are not yet announced, and it is quite certain that the future Washington will be a capital of religion and education as well as of politics and society.



THE Minneapolis *Tribune* has published two or three communications from trustworthy correspondents in Utah alleging that polygamous practices are still maintained in that Territory, and that in two or three localities the old spirit of persecution still manifests itself against every one who protests against these abominations. It has been generally supposed that out of deference to the enlightened spirit of the age the Mormons had about abandoned polygamy, and were prepared to adjust themselves to new conditions under the constitution which is to secure them admission into the Union. If the facts are otherwise, a Republican Congress should take care that adequate provisions are made for the utter extermination of the evil, and that the Territory shall only be admitted upon the basis of the acceptance by the people of a legal code which will absolutely assure the punishment of every person offending in the manner now complained of.

THE establishment of a new chair in Columbia College, to be known as the "Seth Low Professorship of American History," is an incident worthy of special mention. The study of American history and of the development of the principles of constitutional liberty which have here had their fullest exemplification has not had the commanding place to which it is entitled in the curriculum of many of our higher institutions of learning. In our public schools, too, until recent years, the subject has been made secondary to others of less importance. It ought to be a primary purpose in all our educational institutions to equip the student with a thorough knowledge of the history of his own country, the sources of its life, the meaning and responsibilities of citizenship, and the relation of the national authority to the individual. Especially should full and accurate instruction be given as to the events of that period of our history which lies between the secession of the Southern States and their rehabilitation under the acts of reconstruction and the adoption of the constitutional amendments in which the fruits of the Civil War were gathered up. The time is coming when the college which does most to inculcate the principles of constitutional liberty, as here embodied in institutional forms, will be recognized, deservedly, as a supreme educational factor in moulding and determining the national life.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature, recently adjourned, appears to have been even more deserving of criticism than the average legislative body of the period. Leading Republican newspapers in all parts of the State are denouncing it as one of the most corrupt and conscienceless in the history of the commonwealth. The Philadelphia *Enquirer* says that members of the House seemed to seek opportunities to sell themselves, and it adds that, as a result, the corporations had their own way in about everything they desired to obtain. Throughout, it says, "it was emphatically under the control of a rascally gang of speculators and contractors. Both Houses, too, were equally under the control of boss influence. Orders from Beaver, the residence of Senator Quay, over the long-distance telephone, were a great deal more potential in determining the legislation of the session than the wishes and demands of the people, expressed in public assemblies and through the press. Measures of great importance were slaughtered, simply in order to promote the personal ambitions of the party bosses; while other measures of the most pernicious character were passed under their dictation." It is a pity that Pennsylvania is ordinarily so overwhelmingly one-sided in politics. If the vote were more equally distributed between the two parties, the venality of the Republican leaders, who are responsible for the debauchery of the party and for its infidelity to public interests, would now and then be rebuked with such emphasis as to beget some measure of consideration for the wishes of the people.

THE extent to which woman's sphere is widening in productive employments is well illustrated by a census bulletin recently issued. This document shows that out of a total working population of 22,735,661 in the United States in 1890, 8,914,711 were women. The greatest increase was in the "gainful occupations," where in the decade ending with 1890 the number of women in business represented an increase of two hundred and sixty-three per cent. This remarkable increase is accounted for by the fact that it includes persons engaged in book-keeping, in clerical capacities, and as stenographers and typewriters—occupations which are now largely monopolized by women. There has also been a steady increase of female workers in the professions; while in domestic and personal service the percentage of increase for females is largely in excess of that for males. It is a striking fact that while the number of male clergymen has been doubled in twenty years, there

has been an increase of female clergymen of from sixty-seven to twelve hundred and thirty-five in the same period. In journalism, medicine, and other professional callings, there has been a corresponding increase of women workers. There is no doubt that the increase in all these activities has been much greater during the last three or four years than during the period covered by the last census. Now that woman has conquered her way against the prejudices and traditions which for a long while interposed to prevent her utilizing her talents in any other than the purely domestic sphere, we may expect that she will go on making additional conquests, attaining ultimately in the higher professions the eminence which, with all the modern advantages of education and favorable environment, is plainly within her reach.



"This passeth year by year and day by day."

LONDON town seems to have been thrown into great commotion and hubbub during the last week, if the excited cablegrams, re-enforced by the later and more tangible proofs afforded by the Cockney journals, illustrated and otherwise, are anything to judge by. The first cause seems to have been M. Alphonse Daudet, who arrived in the British capital with an imposing retinue of relatives, and fell a martyr to that painful process that English and Americans alike treat their distinguished visitors to—lionizing. After less than a fortnight of dining and interviewing and visiting, the Frenchman departed to his beloved Champroissy, and has been saying nice things ever since in the *Figaro* and elsewhere about his island hosts, while they are preening themselves in smug satisfaction at his complimentary comments. No sooner had he left than a more important personage—that is, more important from certain points of view—put in his appearance, the son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, Nasrullah Khan, with a whole caravan of followers, including servants, priests, and officers, all of whom were the guests of the nation. A very grand house was placed at this prince's disposal, fêtes and reviews innumerable were given for him, the Queen very graciously received him at Windsor, Albert Edward was his host at the time-honored Derby, and everything was done to amuse, interest, and impress the son of England's most powerful ally in India. The Prince himself, however, took all the fuss that was made over him with Asiatic indifference, and was no doubt as glad to escape from the tedium of functions which he didn't understand and didn't want to, as the Londoners were to have him go. Right on top of these two visits from distinguished foreigners came the announcement of the names of the recipients of the Queen's birthday honors, which caused the cup of commotion to overflow, and the echoes of the hum caused are reaching us by every mail steamer into port.

Nobody seems to begrudge Henry Irving his knighthood, but there is the strongest sort of protest at the like honor given to Walter Besant and William Morris—two mediocrities whose claim on the history of literature will never be acknowledged. The *Saturday Review* very pertinently says:

"Had Mr. Walter Besant become Sir Walter on the credit of some claim that had no concern with literature, we should have no word to say. But on all sides we are told that Lord Rosebery has been so kind as to do literature honor in Sir Walter's person. Let Sir Walter enter the goodly company of knights by all means, but not by that plea. It is very good for Lord Rosebery to take a kindly interest in letters, but letters can get along well enough without his patronage, particularly if it be so blind and fatuous as this. Heaven knows we would not grudge Sir Walter his distinction, if that were all, but we will not sit down quietly under the assumption that literature is singled out for favor in him. Literature! Why, a man may write and write and be a—and not be a man of letters. If literature wants titles where is our Sir George Meredith or our Sir Algernon Swinburne, to name no more?"

This is all very hard on poor Besant, but he could have foreseen it, as well as the invidious reflection and comparison that would inevitably follow the conjunction of his own name with that of a far more illustrious Sir Walter. And so these are various things that have been keeping the city on the Thames in a turmoil for a fortnight or two, and the season will probably be well advanced before it resumes its wonted composure.

I have little doubt but that Mr. G. S. Smalley (whose London letters to the *Tribune* have been so well worth reading for so many years, and who has just returned to this country in order to get his letters started going the other way, now to be published in the London *Times*) will find his life among us but humdrum and commonplace after so long a period of expatriation. His many years of close sympathy and intimacy with dukes and earls and cabinet ministers, and with English habits and customs generally, will hardly have fitted him for contact with the mortals of lesser degree that he will be thrown with in his journalistic capacity on this side of the water. Congressmen, Senators, judges, colonels, and even Cabinet officers and Presidents, are small fry compared to the ancient English aristocracy, and it argues much for Mr. Smalley's patriotism that he has returned to us in order that he may

enlighten the Britishers, through their favorite medium, the "Thunderer," as to the doings of his countrymen.

The fifth number of the *Yellow Book* once more gives a dash of color to the book-stands, and serves to give an air of permanence to a publication that at first seemed only ephemeral. There are several excellent stories—as well as several very stupid—a pleasant appreciation of Meredith by G. S. Street, an interesting essay on Anatole France, some readable verse, and a poem of some length by William Watson. The artistic features of the volume are hardly comparable to the former numbers, and the striking originality and beauty of Beardsley are entirely lacking, save in an interesting cover. Taken as a whole, the *Yellow Book* is a very creditable production, and it is difficult to understand the virulent and violent criticisms passed upon it in every quarter.

Collectors of Cruikshanks are indefatigable in their efforts to secure good impressions of their favorite's famous plates. I have a very curious and very rare example of Cruikshank that I've never seen mentioned in any printer's catalogue here or abroad, and it has a place in very few collections. It is nothing more or less than a business-card for Mr. Samuel P. Avery when he had his collection of rare curios, pictures, and antiques at 38 Fifth Avenue, "near the Fourteenth Street," as the card has it. It was designed and etched by George Cruikshank when he was eighty-one years old, and is one of the most unique of his many plates.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—DR. THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER, whom nearly every American, at least, knows as a talented writer, an eloquent preacher, and a friend of some of the most distinguished men of letters on both continents, is a singularly good example of what an earnest man may accomplish in the face of infirmity. For twenty years and more Dr. Cuyler has suffered from pronounced and increasing deafness, and has rarely been able to hear any connected discourse from pulpit or platform. But the live little doctor moves briskly and cheerily through the world, bending his ear and fixing his attention very closely to get what may come to him from the outside world of sound. He has written a dozen popular books, held his pulpit in the great congregation of the Lafayette Avenue Church in Brooklyn until a year or so ago, resigning against the wishes of his congregation, and is now a minister at large, a successful worker in many organized charitable enterprises, and a good friend to everybody who needs a friend.

—Miss Mary E. Wilkins is the fortunate possessor of the treasure with which the romantic novelist adorns his heroines, a wealth of beautiful golden hair, and it is of the real yellow golden hue which one seldom sees growing naturally on a woman's head. The distinguished novelist is very tiny in figure, and very shy and modest in manner. She cares little for the applause of the world; indeed, she seems hardly to know what to do with the fame that she has won. At a little distance one would take her for a shy and sensitive child who begs that she may not be pointed out to public notice, rather than for a successful authoress whose work is ranked by critics among the best of the century. Miss Wilkins was a student at Mount Holyoke College, and her home is in a small town in eastern Massachusetts, not far from Boston.

—Mrs. Frederick Douglass is, as every one knows, a white woman, but was deeply devoted to her dark-skinned husband. She is very accomplished, and is an elegant figure in the social world which has been delighted to welcome her. Mrs. Douglass has scholarly tastes, and is a graduate of Mount Holyoke Seminary. She now resides with her step-son, at Anacostia, District of Columbia, and though suffering keenly from her heavy bereavement, she wears no mourning garments, and even on the day of her husband's funeral appeared in her ordinary dress.

—Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, known in the literary world as "Margaret Sidney," and the author of several fascinating books for young people, is a handsome, dark-eyed little woman, with an active, brilliant mind, and since the death of her husband, the well-known publisher, she has developed considerable talent. Mrs. Lothrop has an especial interest in young people, and has one very charming little daughter of her own. She has lately organized a children's chapter of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

—Miss Agnes D. Abbott, the artist whose flowers and water-colors are well known in and about New York, has been exhibiting a collection of beautiful water-color sketches made during her recent trip to the British provinces. Several studies of life in the Evangeline country have attracted much favorable attention.

—Bismarck has been decorated by various kings and emperors with fifty-one orders, the insignia of which are reckoned to have a monetary value of twenty thousand dollars. All but two of them, the Golden Fleece and the Black Eagle, are his absolutely by gift. These two, on his death, revert to the royal donors.

The Great Yale-Harvard Race.

(Continued from front page.)

Yale oarsman since Robert Appleton, Jr., occupied the seat in 1886.

So far as coxswains are concerned, while Clark of Yale holds the trust of his men, the fact must not be lost sight of that he steered the freshmen crew last year in half circles. Thus far, however, he has not sinned in this respect, and as in other respects he is a second "Shorty" Thompson, he should not be the cause of any possible mishap, such as defeat.

Rust for Harvard is a likely lad, and besides holding the confidence of the crew, shows headwork in an emergency.

It might be well to remark in connection with the weights of the crews, as noted in the table, that the Harvard crew will undoubtedly row the race lighter by several pounds, while Yale will probably lower their average close to one hundred and seventy two pounds.

In studying the table it may prove interesting, by the way, to bear in mind these statistics culled from the records of the past. The heavy weights have won five out of twelve times, the younger six out of twelve, and the shortest six out of ten.

The Yale crew are unusually tall—in fact, the tallest ever to represent the blue; whereas in point of age they are the youngest crew since 1877. In point of age the Harvard crew is above the average of all past crews, while as regards heights they are a trifle below as well as in weight.

To give some idea of how a number of the races have been rowed, the following record is given of nine successive years:

Year.	Winner.	Winning time.	Loser.	Time.	Won by.
1880	Yale	24m. 27½s.	Harvard	25m. 9s.	41½s.
1881	Yale	22m. 13s.	Harvard	22m. 19s.	6s.
1882	Harvard	20m. 47½s.	Yale	20m. 50½s.	3s.
1883	Harvard	25m. 46½s.	Yale	26m. 58s.	1m. 11½s.
1884	Yale	20m. 31s.	Harvard	20m. 46s.	15s.
1885	Harvard	25m. 15½s.	Yale	26m. 29s.	1m. 13½s.
1886	Yale	20m. 41½s.	Harvard	20m. 58½s.	17s.
1887	Yale	22m. 56s.	Harvard	23m. 10½s.	14½s.
1888	Yale	20m. 10s.	Harvard	21m. 24s.	1m. 14s.

(Fastest time on record.)

In 1880 and 1890 Yale also won, but in 1891, with one of the poorest crews ever to represent her, she was defeated badly in an up-stream race. The Harvard men took the lead almost from the start, and widened the gap at almost every stroke. In the Yale boat sat the giant Heffelfinger and others who had the misfortune not to have mastered the Cook stroke in all its intricacies and delicacies.

In 1892, 1893, and last year, however, blue victories were scored, the one last year being so hollow as to cause universal comment to the effect—if Harvard doesn't do better than this, a baker's dozen will shortly be journeying from far and near to see her row.

In rowing the success of a crew depends probably more on the coaching than any other sport, and thus in writing of the great race it would seem appropriate to speak of the coaches. This much may be said of Mr. Watson, that he is an old-time oarsman, who in 1877, 1878, and 1879 coached winning crews for Harvard. In 1888, however, having had the misfortune to handle a crimson eight which allowed itself to be beaten nearly half a mile by Yale, he retired into graceful oblivion. Yet for the following six years Harvard failed to realize that her system of coaching was at fault, though all the while Yale was demonstrating yearly that there must be but one head to preserve harmony among the different coaches, and stick to well-defined lines in the science of rowing. Last year, however, came the awakening, and as a consequence it was determined to find a "Cook" and grant to him undisputed sway for three successive years, win or lose, survive or perish. Whether in Coach Watson they have unearthed a Cook cannot be decided before Friday. The story of his resurrection has already been told, and whether or not he is the right man in the right place, the race on Friday will decide. So far as Mr. Watson's work this year is concerned, no man could have devoted more time or more energy, and it cannot be denied that he has turned out an eight which surpasses in form that of Harvard crews since 1891. But form is not everything, and without speed the result can only be another defeat.

In speaking of Yale's instructors it becomes an agreeable duty to say something in particular of Dr. Percy Bolton. Robert J. Cook is too well known to need more than honorable mention.

year, and to-day he stands by the side of Robert Cook, and upon an equal footing. But the duties of these two great rowing men are as distinct as can be.

Mr. Cook, as head of affairs, is the final authority in questions of dispute, and besides maintaining peace and guarding against friction among the several coaches, contributes at different times the fruits of a particular and valuable faculty, to wit, the seeing of minor faults in crew-rowing instantly, and as quickly suggesting the proper remedy. Perhaps a fair average would be ten days of the time yearly spent by Mr. Cook in such duties. On the other hand, what does Dr. Bolton do? In the first place, he puts in on an average a month to six weeks with the crew, instructing them in the details of the "Cook" stroke. Hence his is the master-mind to hew out of the rough block the figure which needs but the Cook finishing touches to make as perfect as circumstances will permit. Work in the pair-oar is a main feature of Dr. Bolton's coaching, and it is not saying too much to lay much of the success of the crew to its teachings.

Dr. Bolton, when asked to say something concerning the crew, readily complied. His words will bear careful reading, for as a man particularly well versed in his subject, he gets right at its pith, and in doing so gives a comprehensive and expert opinion, such as it has been impossible to get from a Yale coach in the past.

In conversation at Gales Ferry directly after the return of the crew from the usual practice spin, Dr. Bolton had this to say:

"The men composing the crew are admirably seated to produce the best results possible for them, not alone in the matter of appearance of the crew and symmetry of rowing, but also in speed.

"Among the candidates for places in this year's crew were six men who had been members of the victorious eight of 1894, and who were all eligible men, and who, in fact, formed the nucleus of the present crew. None of these men was quite suited for the position of stroke-oar, and a man had to be discovered possessing the requisite qualities of mind, skill, and physique to occupy this important position. Such a man appeared in Langford, who has not only met, but exceeded, the expectations of every one interested in the crew.

(Continued on page 429.)

	Bow, Captain Arm- strong, '95, S. S. S., Hampton, Va.		No. 2. Holcomb, '95, S. S. S., New Haven, Conn.		No. 3. Beard, '96, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.		No. 4. Cross, '96, New York, N. Y.		No. 5. Dater, '95, S. S. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.		No. 6. Longacre, '96, Philadelphia, Pa.		No. 7. Treadway, '96, Sioux City, Iowa.		Stroke, Langford, '98, S. S. S., St. Paul, Minn.		Weight average,	Weight average,
<i>Weight</i>	157	160	178	168	178	169	193	174	184	170	178	176	173	172	167	163	176	169
<i>Age</i>	21	21	22	22	19	20	21	21	22	20	21	24	21	22	18	22		
<i>Height</i>	5.8¾	5.9¼	5.8¾	5.9	5.8¾	5.10	6.2	5.11	6.2	5.10	6.1	5.11¾	6	5.10¾	6.2	5.8¾	20¾	21¼
	Bow, Lewis, '96.		No. 2. Shepard, '96.		No. 3. Chatman, '97.		No. 4. Hollister, '97.		No. 5. Wrightington, '97.		No. 6. Watriss, L. S.		No. 7. Fennessey, '96.		Stroke, Captain Bul- lard, '96.		Age average,	Age average,
																	Yale.	Harvard.

Coxswain for Yale, Clark, '97; weight 100 pounds. Substitutes, Bailey, '97, Simpson, '97, Miller, '97.

Coxswain for Harvard, Rust, '98; weight 102 pounds. Substitutes, Damon, G. S., and Stillman, '96.



DR. PERCY BOLTON, '86, S. S. S., COACH OF YALE CREWS FOR THE PAST EIGHT YEARS.

Though a rowing coach of eight years' standing, Dr. Bolton never rowed on a regular or a Yale crew, though he did a great deal of single sculling. The fact is that in his freshman and junior years he was barred out because of a ruling practice then of giving places to the beefs to the exclusion of one hundred and fifty-eight or one hundred and sixty-pound men, who to-day stand as the ideal oars. In his senior year, however, he was repeatedly begged to try for stroke of Cowles's '86 crew, but then laboratory work had the call to the exclusion of possible honors in athletics. However, Dr. Bolton found time to coach the '87 class crew, and his coaching experience dates from this time. His excellent views on rowing and his aptness in instruction, which then cropped out, were recognized. As a consequence, it followed that he was invited to coach the '87 varsity. Since that time he has never missed a



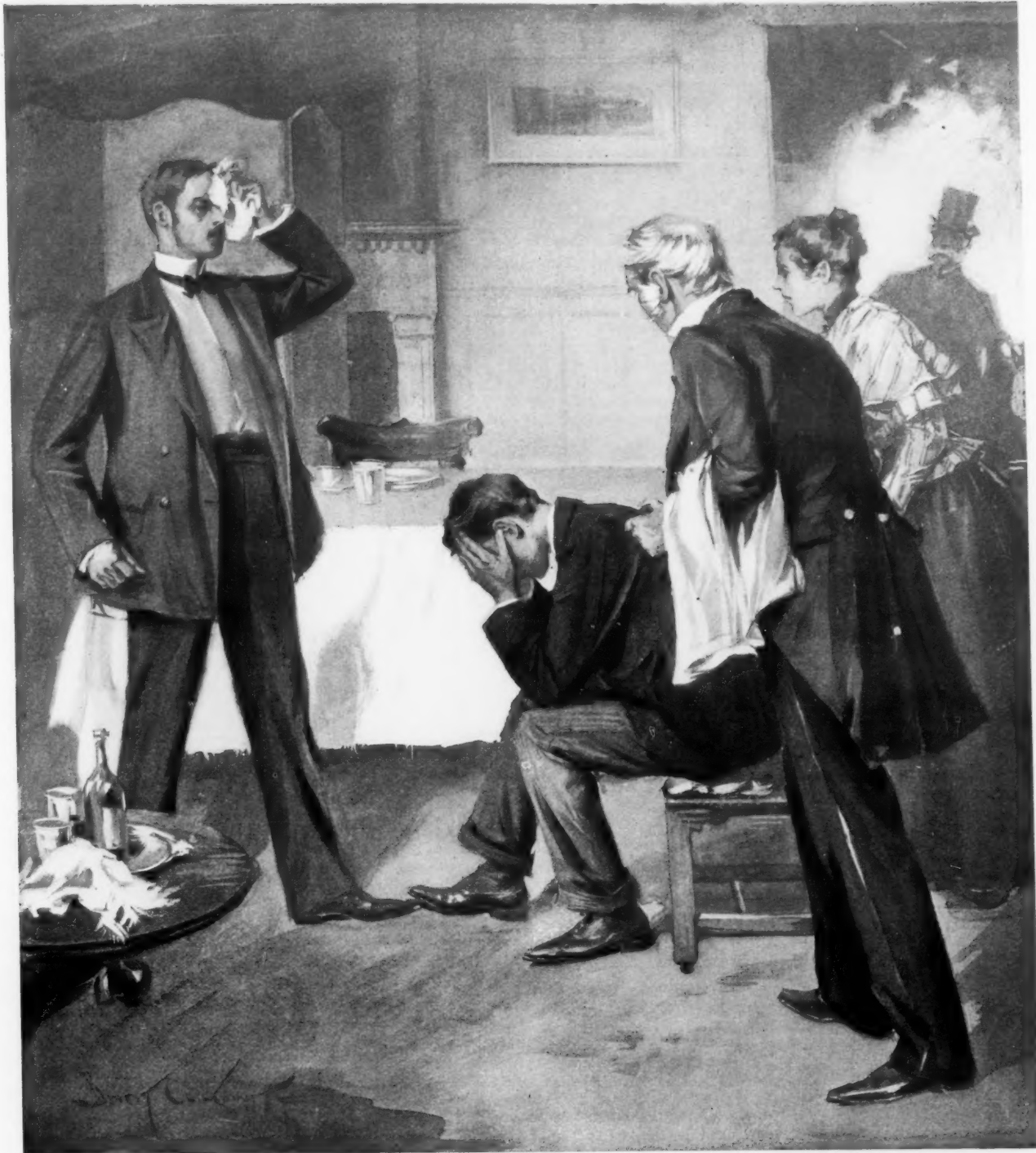
THE YALE CREW RETURNING TO THEIR QUARTERS AFTER A ROW ON TIME—"BOB" COOK SEATED FORWARD IN THE COACHING SEAT.



THE HARVARD CREW HOUSING THEIR SHELL—RED TOP, QUARTERS OF THE CREW AND COACHES.



"BOB" COOK AND CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG DISCUSSING THE SITUATION AT GALES FERRY.



"Don't say it—don't say it! I can't bear it." He broke into a terrible sob.

LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I. AND II.—Desmond Macartney and Dulcie Kilpatrick, the niece of Lord Kilpatrick, are introduced, together with others, guests at the lord's mansion. At the house Mr. Blake, a free-living friend of the old lord's, quarrels with a lawyer named Feagus, who is also one of the guests, along with the Conseltines, father and son. The elder Conseltine tells Feagus that Desmond Macartney is a child of the old earl's and Moya Macartney, who went through a mock marriage together. Feagus undertakes to see that the will which the old earl is about to execute is drawn in favor of the Conseltines.

CHAPTERS II. (continued) and III.—Peebles tries to persuade his master to leave his money to Desmond, but Conseltine intervenes on behalf of Dick, and Lord Kilpatrick satisfies his conscience by saying that Desmond shall not starve. That night a message is delivered to Peebles asking him to meet the writer of the letter, a woman, a friend of Moya's, in the churchyard.

IV.

A SURPRISE FOR DESMOND.

MR. RICHARD CONSELTINE, junior, was not a young man of brilliant parts, and, like most intellectually slow people, made up for the paucity of his ideas by the intensity with which he dwelt on the few he possessed. He had made up his mind quite easily and naturally that his uncle's belongings should come to him in their entirety along with the title. He had grown to early manhood in the unquestioning belief that such would be the case. It was but recently that he had learned of the relationship existing

between his lordship and the squireen. Mr. Conseltine had thought it well to keep the knowledge from him. The elder man, knowing his brother's fondness for his illegitimate offspring, and knowing also the feud which had established itself between his son and Desmond almost from the moment of their meeting as children, had decided that in some explosion of hatred Richard might use his knowledge of the squireen's birth to taunt him, a proceeding which, he was certain, would do no good to his prospects from Kilpatrick. The two boys had hated each other almost at first sight, with a quiet, instinctive ferocity as of cat and dog. In his sullen, grudging fashion, Richard detested all who were not subservient to his wishes and interests, and especially hated anybody who was his superior in matters in which he most desired to excel. Desmond, as bright and quick as he was lumpish and dull, compared with him to his disadvantage at every turn. The poor squireen, who owned not a single acre of soil, and was dependent upon Richard's uncle for his daily bread, for the clothes he wore, was the idol of the district. Mr. Richard Conseltine, the independent young gentleman of settled status, was everywhere tacitly, and not infrequently overtly, set at naught. In those exercises which are popular in all rural districts, and especially among the sport-loving people of Ireland, Desmond was easily Richard's master. He was the best shot, rider, angler, boxer, dancer, and fly-fisherman, of his years, in the county. He was handsome in person, and had with all women, young or old, that serene and beautiful impudence which of all masculine qualities recommends itself most instantly to the feminine heart. All women loved him, and did their best to spoil him. Every man and boy on the estate was his willing servant and accomplice in the freaks and frolics and infractions of discipline in which he delighted,

confident that the simple excuse, "Twas the squireen that asked me," would be quite sufficient to calm the wrath of my lord or his agent, or even of the dreaded Mr. Peebles, before whom even his lordship was popularly believed to tremble. Richard could not but contrast this willing and eager service with the frigid obedience which was all the observance paid to him as the future owner of the soil. Had he been other than he was he might have found a lesson in the contrast, and have penetrated the simple secret of Desmond's popularity, which lay more in his sunny good temper, his quick sympathy, his courage and generosity, than in the physical superiorities which so galled his cousin's envious mind.

Ideas, it has been said, were not common with Richard, but the evening of the events just recorded was made additionally memorable to him by the implanting of a new one in his mind. He had happened to pass on the terrace below the open window of the drawing-room during the conversation held between Kilpatrick and the faithful Peebles. The window was open, and the calm evening air had brought one single utterance of the old servant's distinctly to his ears.

"There's just a chance," the deliberate Scotch voice had said, "that Desmond, when he knows that you're his father, may refuse to tak' a shilling o' your money."

Now, since Richard's knowledge of Desmond's illegitimacy, the secret had trembled at his very lips a hundred times. He longed to dash the insolent triumph of the nameless adventurer who diminished his chances of succession, and by every morsel he ate seemed to his niggard fancy to lessen the future possessions of the rightful heir. He had only been restrained from insulting Desmond on the score of his birth by his father's strenuous assurance that to touch on that matter would be to

lose his uncle's favor at once and forever. Conseltine, senior, had impressed that belief on him very forcibly. Richard rolled the sweet morsel of insolence round his tongue a score of times a day with a rich anticipation of the time when it would be safe to humiliate his adversary by crying it on the house-tops.

Peebles's words came to him as a veritable revelation. For just a minute the solution of the whole difficulty, so long sought, so ardently desired, seemed almost ludicrously easy. He had only to fill the minor desire to insult the squireen in order to secure the even greater and much more solid pleasure of inheriting his uncle's estate. Then a doubt came and chilled him. We are all apt to prophesy of our neighbor's conduct in any given conditions by what we know we should ourselves do under like circumstances. Richard knew, and—no criminal is ashamed of his own instincts—confessed to himself quite openly and with no embarrassment, that if he, in Desmond's place, learned the secret of Desmond's birth, the effects of the knowledge would certainly not be those foreshadowed by Peebles. Rather on the contrary. The stain on his birth would have been an added claim on the generosity of the father who had so stained him. Still, a fiery-tempered fool like Desmond might think differently. Peebles's words stuck in his mind, and returned during the night with a constant reiteration, keeping sleep at arm's-length. Again and again his clumsy imagination tried to realize the effects of the betrayal of the secret, until he determined to take the trouble to his father, and consult with him as to the best line of conduct to be followed.

He descended to the breakfast-table to find my lord and his father seated together there, attended by Peebles, but neither Desmond nor Dulcie were present. In answer to a remark on their absence from Kilpatrick, Peebles deposed to having heard them talking and talking on the lawn at least three hours earlier, and suggested that they had gone on one of their eternal excursions. Breakfast was almost over when they appeared, flushed and radiant. Kilpatrick had shown some testiness in remarking their absence, but Dulcie's good-morning kiss had quite dissipated his gloom, and he listened to their chatter about the morning's adventures with a good-tempered smile.

"Don't forget to come to the study, Desmond," he said, as he rose and passed out on to the terrace with his newspaper.

"All right, sir," said Desmond.

Conseltine also withdrew, leaving the three young people together, Richard sitting apart and scowling angrily at Dulcie and her companion, who ignored his presence completely.

"Dulcie," he said, suddenly, "won't you come into the drawing-room and teach me that song? You promised, you know."

"Not now," said the girl; "I am busy. I've got to go and look out my fishing-tackle."

"Are you going fishing?" asked Richard.

"Yes," said Desmond; "she's going with me."

"I wasn't addressing you," said Richard.

"Thank ye for the honor ye do me in not addressing me!" said Desmond.

There was something in Richard's manner which the lad could not define, something more than usually insolent and offensive, and the ring of Desmond's voice warned Richard that he felt it.

"I really think, Dulcie," said Richard, "that you might give us a little of your company now and then, instead of running all over the county like a madcap with all the tatterdemalions in the village. I wish we were back in Dublin, with civilized people about us."

"Really, Mr. Conseltine," said Dulcie, quietly, but with a manner which marked her sense of the side sneer at Desmond, "I can choose my society without your help."

The glowering look which always rested on Richard's heavy features deepened.

"No, you can't," he said, roughly; "or, at all events, you don't. You're getting yourself talked about all over the county, wandering about like a girl off the hillside with any vagabond who—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Desmond with great smoothness of manner but with a dangerous glitter in his eyes, "but civility costs nothing, Mr. Richard. Were ye alluding to me at all?"

"Well," said Richard, trying hard to revert to his usual manner of heavy insolence, but speaking angrily, "and what if I was?"

"Why," returned Desmond, rising—"don't be afraid, Lady Dulcie, I'm not going to quarrel. If I've said or done anything to give offense to this kind, civil-spoken, amiable young gentleman, I'm willing and anxious to apologize. What's my offense, sir?"

"You hang too much about the castle," said Richard. "I know his lordship encourages you, but you ought to know better than to presume on his good nature."

"Don't ye think," said Desmond, quietly, "that ye might lave that to his lordship to say?"

"You're not fit company for my cousin," cried Richard, hotly.

Dulcie rose with an exclamation of anger, but Desmond laid his hand upon her arm, and she remained silent.

"And don't ye think," continued Desmond again, "that ye might lave that for your cousin to say? She hasn't said it yet."

"Said it?" cried Dulcie, in a white heat of anger. "Why should I say it? A gentleman is fit company for anybody."

"A gentleman," sneered Richard. "A gentleman. Yes, but you should be able to tell the difference between the real article and the counterfeit."

"Oh!" said Desmond, quietly still, but with more keenly glittering eyes and a pulsating voice. "And I suppose I'm the counterfeit? Is that what ye name?"

"That is just what I mean," returned Richard. "Then," said Desmond, "if Lady Dulcie will do us the honor to lave us to ourselves, or if you'll kindly step out on the lawn, the counterfeit will give the real article a taste of his fists."

"Desmond!" cried Dulcie.

"All right, darling," said Desmond, soothing her with his hand and keeping his eye on Richard's face.

The girl let the endearing word and action pass unregarded. They stung Richard to fury. "You beggarly beast!" he cried.

Desmond made a step toward him; Dulcie clung to him, beseeching him to be quiet.

"Don't be alarmed, now," said Desmond, with his Irish blood dancing in his veins and his heart all aglow with love of battle. "We're only going to have a small civil kind of a fight—the touch of one, just to see how real he is."

Peebles, who had entered the room unobserved, overheard these last words and came between the combatants.

"Master Desmond," he said, "I'm surprised at ye. Ye'll no disgrace his lordship's house by brawling in it, as if ye were in a tap-room or a hillside shebeen."

"Stand out of the way, if ye please, Mr. Peebles," said Desmond.

"That I'll no do," returned the old Scot.

"Ye'll just be a sensible lad, as I've always known ye, and tell me what's the trouble. Ye're the calmest, Master Richard—what's a' this steer about?"

"I warned that ruffian," said Richard, "to avoid my company. He retaliated, as you see, and—"

"You insulted him cruelly!" cried Dulcie, with a heaving breast and a glitter of tears in her soft eyes. "Never mind him, Desmond—come away!"

"Insult him!" cried Richard. Peebles's presence and the near neighborhood of his lordship gave him some sense of security, and Dulcie's obvious sympathy with the object of his assault enraged him beyond all control. "Insult him! By the powers! Ask him who and what he is, and then you'll know what right he has to be in your company or in the company of any young lady."

The anger half faded from Desmond's face, and gave way to something of a look of astonishment.

"Who and what I am?" he repeated. "Sure, I'm Desmond Macartney."

Richard repeated the name and gave a scornful laugh.

"And who has anything to say against me? I'm as good a gentleman as yourself."

"That's a lie," said Richard. "You're a pauper, dependent on my uncle's charity for bread."

Peebles let out a slow growl of remonstrance and warning, through which Dulcie's voice sounded like the clear note of a flute through the mumbling of a violoncello.

"For shame!" she cried, her cheeks burning with a hot flush of generous indignation.

"Shame!" cried Richard. "If there's any shame, it's there!" He pointed his finger straight at Desmond.

"Hold your fule's tongue!" said Peebles, gruffly.

"I will speak!" shouted Richard. "Everybody knows—he knows—that his mother was a common peasant woman, and that he is my uncle's bastard!"

Desmond sprang past Peebles with a shriek, and struck his truder in the face.

"Keep him off!" cried Richard, white and reeling from the blow. "Curse you, Peebles, why don't you keep him off?"

"Ye fule!" said Peebles, with angry contempt. "Ye pitiful, cowardly knave, 'twad serve ye right if he beat the life out o' your carcase!"

Desmond, blind with fury, had seized Richard by the throat.

"Down on your knees, you dirty liar!" he cried. "Take back those words!"

Kilpatrick's gray face and trembling figure appeared at the French window leading to the terrace. None but Peebles saw him.

"Take them back!" cried Desmond, raising his fist to strike again.

"It's true!" cried Richard, desperately. Desmond's hand slackened on his collar.

"Speak!" he cried. "Tell me, or I'll strangle you! Is it the truth ye've told me? Is Lord Kilpatrick my father?"

"Yes," cried Richard, "and you know it!"

Desmond released him and fell back with a cry. Cur and coward as he knew the man to be, his words carried conviction. As by a lightning flash he read the meaning of a thousand details of his past life, which, thus elucidated, went to prove the truth.

"My mother!" he said. "My mother! No, no! Don't say it—don't say it! Don't say it, for the love o' God! I can't bear it."

He broke into a terrible sob.

"Ye're just the champion fule o' my experience," said Peebles, as he passed Richard on his way to the window, to the jamb of which Lord Kilpatrick was clinging.

"You cad!" said Dulcie, flinging the word at him like a missile.

"Peebles! Desmond! What's all this?" cried his lordship.

"The secret's out," said Peebles. "The pair lad knows he's your son."

Kilpatrick looked with a ghastly face toward Desmond, who glared back at him like one turned to stone.

"Uncle!" cried Dulcie, "speak to him. Tell him it is not true."

"It is true," said Kilpatrick, hoarsely. "Desmond, my boy, my son; speak to me."

"You!" said Desmond. "You! You are my father?"

Kilpatrick fell into a chair and hid his face. "And my mother," said Desmond, "my mother! What of her?"

"She died long years ago," said the wretched man.

"Who was she? Speak!" cried Desmond, "Speak! I must know!"

"She was named Moya Macartney," said Kilpatrick. "She was—she—"

"She was not your wife?" said the boy.

"Then I am—I am what he called me."

"Convention," cried Kilpatrick, "mere convention! I acknowledge you as my son. Who will dare to point at you? Take witness, all!"

he cried, rising from his seat: "Desmond Macartney is my son. Those who will receive him and treat him as such are welcome here. Those who will not, let them go their ways."

"Uncle!" cried Dulcie, "God bless you! Desmond—"

"God bless you, Lady Dulcie!" said Desmond. "But don't speak to me now or my heart will break. I was too happy to-day,"

he said, brokenly. "I might have known that the sorrow was to come."

Kilpatrick made a step toward him.

"Keep back!" said Desmond. "Don't come near me. I'm her son, not yours. I'll never eat your bread nor call you father. I'll keep the name she gave me. God bless ye, Dulcie! God bless ye, darling; and that's the last word that Desmond Macartney will spake in Kilpatrick Castle."

V.

LADY DULCIE OFFERS CONSOLATION.

AT Desmond's departure Dulcie left the room and ran swiftly to her own chamber. Her hurried ring at the bell was answered by her maid, Rosie.

"Mr. Desmond has left the castle," said Lady Dulcie. "He has had a misunderstanding with his lordship. Follow him and tell him not to leave the village till he sees me. Quick!"

"Sure, there's no hurry," said Rosie, coolly.

"But there is!" cried Dulcie. "The poor boy has quarreled with Lord Kilpatrick, and vowed that he would never come back."

"He'll not lave the place widout havin' a farewell glass wid the boys at Widdy Daly's," said Rosie.

"There's a grand dance there to-night, and the whole countryside will be there. I'll jist go to the shebeen and tell the widdy and thim I foind there to kape on the watch for him, and lave word that I have a message for him from a frind."

Rosie's instinct had not deceived her, for that night, on her second visit to the ale-house, Desmond was found sitting in the well-known kitchen, listening to the strains of Patsey Doolan's fiddle, and sombrely watching the dance of boys and colleens, in which, for the first time during their long experience of him, he had declined to take part.

Rosie delivered her message. Desmond heard it with a half-averted face which did not hide from the girl's keen eyes a flush of pleasure on his cheek. He pressed her hand gratefully, but shook his head with a sad smile.

"Tis like her, Rosie; 'tis like her. But that's all over now. What can she have to say to a poor devil like me? She's up there with the reigning government of angels, and I'm down here with the opposition. Well, never mind. The world's wide, and there's room in it somewhere for the poor squireen. Don't stand staring at me, Rosie, as if I was a show in a fair. There's Larry dyin' to shake the rheumatism

out of his legs. Play up, Patsey, you rogue, and put the music into their heels!"

"Ye'll dance yerself, Mr. Desmond," said Rosie. "I'd be proud to stand out on the flure wid ye."

"And sure," said Larry, "I wouldn't be jealous if ye did."

"No, no," said Desmond. "Go and enjoy yourselves, and leave me to myself. Play up, play up!" he shouted, wildly, "and the devil take the hindmost!"

Rosie and Larry left him with pitying glances. The dance proceeded, the poor squireen sitting apart and looking on with haggard eyes at the mirth he had so often shared aforetime.

A sudden cessation of the music and the measured beat of feet upon the earthen floor made him look round. Lady Dulcie stood just within the door.

"Dulcie!" Desmond cried in astonishment, and rose and went toward her. "What has brought you here?"

"I've come to speak to you," she said. "Desmond, I must speak to you."

"But," said the boy, "this is no place for you."

"It's the place where you are," said the girl, with a tender look shining in her eyes, "and that's enough for me."

Larry, standing arrested with his arm about Rosie's waist, heard the words.

"D'ye hear that?" he said to his partner.

"Clare out, boys. There's the rale stuff in the next room."

Widow Daly wiped the seat of a stool for her guest, and set it for her.

"Sit ye down, me lady. Ye're kindly welcome."

Dulcie sat, looking up in Desmond's face.

"She's the light of his eyes," said Rosie to her sweetheart. "See how she looks at him."

"Ah!" said Larry, "when will ye be afther lookin' at me like that?"

"When your desarts are ayqual to your impidence. I'll be waitin' for your ladyship, but, sure, ye needn't hurry. I'll take care that nobody looks in or disturbs ye."

She courtesied, and drew Larry from the room after the others.

"Desmond!"

"Yes, Lady Dulcie."

"Dulcie to you, now and always," she said, taking his hand.

"Don't, don't," said the lad. "I can't bear it. I'd rather ye'd let me drift away from ye like a leaf on the running water. I can bear all the rest, but not your pity."

"It's not pity that brings me here," said the warm-hearted girl, with all her heart in her face. "It's something more. I've come to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness!" cried Desmond. "For what?"

"For all my foolish—ways—my thoughtless words. I ought to have known better. But we were both so young. Well, I was a child this morning, but, seeing your trouble, I feel to-night like an old, old woman."

"Ah! Ye're still what you always were, Dulcie, sweet and beautiful. 'Twas as a sunny summer day God made ye, and 'twas the brightest bit o' work He ever did."

"You're not going away, Desmond?" she besought him.

"I must," he answered.

"I came to ask you for your father's sake, for mine, to stay a little while. You will, Desmond? For my sake!"

"They're words to conjure with, Dulcie," said Desmond. "But sure I can't. D'ye know what they'll all be calling me? D'ye know what name they'll soon be giving me? How can I stay and look you in the face?"

"Oh, Desmond," she pleaded, "your father—"

"Don't spake of him!" cried Desmond.

"He loves you, Desmond. He'd give his right hand to put things right. If you will remain he will acknowledge you as his son, make you his heir."

Desmond shook his head.

"He can't give me one thing I want," said Desmond, proudly and sadly. "He can't take the blot off my name, the stain off my mother's. He can't turn back the years and bring her from the grave."

"He can make amends," said Dulcie. "He will."

"It's too late for that, too," answered Desmond. "Ah, spare me, Dulcie. Don't speak of it. Don't remind me of my shame."

"Your shame!" repeated Dulcie. "Where is the shame to you? Where there is no sin there can be no shame, and you are innocent. Desmond, there are others who care for you. There is one," she added, softly, "who would give all the world to see you happy. Don't make her miserable by going away."

"You mean?" cried Desmond. "No! Oh, Dulcie, don't be too good to me. Don't let me think you care for me."

"Why not, when I do care for you?" asked the girl. "And I do." She took his hand and

rose from her seat. "I think you're very ungrateful."

"Ungrateful! To you!"

"Yes. You think me a child still—a doll, with no heart nor head, nor will of my own. Ah, you don't know me. If you were to say now, 'Dulcie, I want you,' I'd follow you to the end of the world."

"Dulcie!" He stretched his arms toward her, but fell back and let them drop at his sides again. "I daren't! I mustn't! There's a great black river running between you and me."

Dulcie laughed with the old dashing spirit.

"Then show your spirit. Strip off your coat, plunge in, and swim across it. I'll help you up the bank when you reach the other side."

"Oh, Dulcie, my darling!" Desmond caught her in his arms with a sudden gust of passion and strained her to his breast.

"Dulce, dulce domum!" she said, with another laugh, though her own eyes were brimming. "You may kiss me if you like," she added, with ineffable drollness. Choking with tears, he pressed his lips to her face. "That's a dreadfully damp kiss. Sure, ye've swallowed the river. No, you sha'n't go. I've got you, and I mean to keep you."

"You—you love me, Dulcie?" said Desmond.

"A wee little bit," said Dulcie; "just the least little bit in the world. Now, just sit down like a good sensible boy and listen to me. No more nonsense, if you please, about 'shame' and 'disgrace'! Our parents don't consult us as to the how and the where of our being born, and I don't see why we should trouble our heads about them. A boy's a boy, and a girl's a girl, and this boy and girl quite understand each other. Don't we?" she asked, nestling up to him. "I never knew you to be so backward before, Desmond. That river washed all the old impudence out of you."

Her raillery could not conquer Desmond's gloom.

"It can't be, Dulcie. You're only opening the door to a fool's paradise for me. I've lived in one long enough. 'Tis time I came out and looked at the world as it is. It can never be. It's madness to think of it. Even if it were different, even if the trouble had never fallen on me, I could never have hoped to win you. You're a lady. I'm only the poor squireen."

"You've grown mightily humble all of a sudden," said Dulcie. "You weren't like this only this afternoon. After I'd waded with you across the pool you had the impudence to kiss my shoes."

"Sure, I did," said Desmond. "And I'm ready now to kiss your feet!"

"That's better," said Dulcie, nestling nearer yet. "That's more like the old Desmond. But a boy of taste would look a little higher. The mouth's prettier and more 'convenient,' as you'd call it. Ah," she continued, with a sudden gust of tenderness, "don't think me too bold! Don't think me an outrageous little flirt. It wasn't till I felt your trouble that I knew my own heart and learned that I loved you so much." She broke into a sudden sob. "Tell me you're not miserable any more."

(To be continued.)

Urban Dialogues—No. 1.

"Who are they?" I said, as I sat down next to Polly Ransom.

"Who are who?" said she, as she made room for me.

"Those over there."

"Oh, those. I haven't the faintest idea. Queer, aren't they, and strange-looking. Where do you suppose Mrs. Jameson picked them up?"

"Picked up' is good," said I, smiling.

"They do look it, don't they?"

"Decidedly," I replied. "As if they had come from one of Stilton & Fuses twenty-three minutes-to-two remnant sales."

"What do you know about them, pray?"

"Oh, nothing," I said, nonchalantly. "Except what I see in the papers every morning. They haven't moved from Mrs. Jameson's side since they entered the room half an hour ago, and she's horribly bored," Polly went on.

"Serves her right," said I. "Mrs. Jameson is making her Thursdays altogether too promiscuous."

"How can you say that?" laughed Miss Ransom, in an irritating way she has at times.

"Well, I do say it, and mean it, too. Hasn't she had the Masons here, and the Tates—he's a wholesale grocer—and the Wallaces—I don't know what they could have been—and—"

"And hasn't she had Mr. Jack Oliver here regularly every day that she's at home?" interrupted Polly, mimicking me.

"Well, is there any reason why I shouldn't be here?" said I.

"Oh, no reason except that you are utterly useless—do nothing for a living, and spend the money that it has taken your father a lifetime to accumulate in trade—as you call it—with a recklessness that is the talk of New York."

Polly Ransom always puts things so crudely.

"Well," said I.

"Well," said she, and then we both laughed.

At this moment Bob Ellis, who I had seen standing in the doorway, spied us and made his way across the room to where we were sitting.

"What have we over in the corner with Mrs. J.?" was his greeting.

"Give it up," said I.

"He wears spats," said Bob.

"That ought to be a clue," remarked Polly.

"Harlem," said Bob, sententiously.

"Oh, no." This with conviction from Polly, who lives above Eighty-third Street on the West Side.

"He has on what he would call a Prince Albert coat, too," went on Bob.

"She's not bad, though," suggested I.

"Her gown is ready-made," said Polly.

"Where was it ready made?" questioned I, eagerly, thinking that something in the folds or seams or buttons and things might in some mysterious way suggest the place of its origin to the feminine mind.

"That's a mystery," rejoined Polly, in a voice that had depths and depths of meaning.

"Well, I'm going to find out."

I hate triangular conversations, any way, and besides, my curiosity as to the mysterious couple was growing, so I left Polly and Bob and pointed toward Mrs. Jack Jennings, who I saw was talking with that ass, Thompson. She's always talking with somebody and everybody except Jack Jennings.

"Oh, Mr. Oliver, you are just the person (I hate to be called a person; it's next door to 'my man'), just the person!" gushed Mrs. Jennings.

"Yes; you know every one," said Thompson.

"Who are they?"

"Who's who?"

"You don't mean to say you haven't noticed them?"

"Oh, those over there by the tea-table?"

"Yes," said Thompson.

"That is just what I came over to ask you."

"We're on the track," said Mrs. Jack, with an air of importance.

"Truly?"

"Yes; Mr. Thompson heard him say 'yes, ma'am' to Mrs. Jameson."

"Ah, that is something that smacks of the suburbs," said I.

"Yes, but which one?"

"Oh, any one. Oranges, Staten Island, Short Hills, the various 'Mounts' and all."

"That's rather indefinite," said Thompson.

"I'm going to make it definite."

"Oh, do!" said Mrs. Jennings, delightedly.

"But how?"

"I'm going up to talk to 'em."

With this I walked deliberately over to Mrs. Jameson and, after getting a cup of tea, sat down near the strangers.

"I've had my eye on you," said Mrs. Jameson, pleasantly.

"It's awfully good of you," I rejoined—then, in a well-executed aside: "Present me to—to—to your friends."

"Why, with pleasure," she said this with almost an imperceptible air of surprise, not unmixed with gratitude. Then, almost immediately: "Miss Brown, let me present Mr. Jack Oliver. Mr. Brown, Mr. Oliver." I stepped across to Mr. and Miss Brown, who arose to receive me with an air that I must describe as rural, but which was really quite charming in its simplicity. I shook hands with Miss Brown—she was really a very good-looking girl—but managed to ignore Mr. Brown's outstretched greeting, which seemed to abash him a little.

"Do be seated," I said, drawing a chair close to hers. "I am charmed to make your acquaintance. You are strangers here?"

"Oh, no, sir. I come to New York every week, and Frank (Frank was he of the spats and Prince Albert) comes over every day."

"He must find it a tedious ride in the cars," I ventured, wondering to myself what he came "over."

"He gets used to it. Everybody does."

"Oh, I suppose so," said I, knowingly. I was convinced by this time that they were from Rahway, or Elizabeth, or some other of those dreadful New Jersey places, but I was determined to know which particular place harbored them, so I said, tentatively: "I suppose you don't get to New York often in the evenings?"

"Oh, yes; once or twice a week."

"Do the trains run as late as that to—"

"They run all night."

Where on earth do trains run to all night? I tried to conjure up time-tables and schedules with all-night trains on them, but to no purpose, and I was about giving up my unsatisfied curiosity in despair, when Mr. Brown suggested it was time to go.

"Are you going so soon?" I said.

"We must," she replied, and began paying her adieu to Mrs. Jameson, who very pleasantly assisted them to make their exit. The moment they disappeared into the hall I leaned over the table, and with more eagerness than is

my custom, demanded: "Where—where were they from?"

"Who?"

"The ones you introduced me to here."

"Why, Brooklyn, of course."

"Of course," I said, sinking back into my chair.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

Two New State Capitols.

THE CAPITOL OF WASHINGTON.

THE new capitol for the State of Washington is located at Olympia, at the head of the Puget Sound. The capitol grounds cover ten acres, on a bluff one hundred and fifty feet high, overlooking the water, so that the building will be in full view of vessels coming toward the city for miles.

The building, of which Mr. Ernest Flagg, of New York, is architect, stands on a low terrace. It contains a central rotunda, chambers for the House of Representatives, the Senate, and the Supreme Court, the two former being to the right and left of the rotunda, the latter at the rear. Spacious corridors traverse the building from east to west and from north to south, separating the legislative halls and rotunda from the executive offices, which occupy the outer edge of the building on three floors.

The main front faces almost due south. The principal entrance is reached from the terrace by two semicircular flights of steps to the main portico, above which is a pediment richly ornamented with statuary and carving. On either side of the central division is a loggia with Corinthian columns twenty-five feet high, supporting the main entablature of the building and standing on a bold basement. The corners of the structure are accentuated by square pavilions which project slightly in front of the main mass.

The supreme-court room, which occupies the centre of the opposite facade, is circular, and projects in the form of a semicircle, surrounded by a Corinthian colonnade, the columns being of the same dimension as those used on the other front.

The dome and drum are to be built entirely of masonry, the former being perforated so as to present the appearance of open-work construction. There is an inner dome over the rotunda which protects it from the weather. The lantern is also of masonry and of a very rich design.

The building is to be constructed of limestone of a light buff color, there being no white marble available. The interior is to be finished as far as possible with local woods and marbles, of which some very beautiful varieties are found in the State.

The grounds will be tastefully laid out with fountains, balustrade terraces, etc. An old pond is to be faced with stone to form a large ornamental basin in front of the building.

It is hoped by the people of Olympia that the State will acquire about ten acres additional land which lies between the building and the edge of the bluff, so that the view of it from the water can never be cut off. This land, with the present plot, could be made into a very attractive little park and promenade, the view from which would be superb.

The city of Olympia is not very large, the population being only about four thousand. The inhabitants are very much elated over the prospect of so fine a building. Olympia is probably the oldest city in the State, having been founded in 1857, before Seattle, Spokane, and Tacoma, its more populous rivals, were ever heard of.

THE NEW MINNESOTA CAPITOL.

We publish in this issue what should properly be called "The Prize Design" for a new State capitol building for the State of Minnesota, as it was given first place by the expert architectural advisers of the board of Capitol Commissioners in the report upon the competition lately held to secure designs for that purpose. The board of commissioners, however, have determined to reject this, and all other designs submitted, to ignore the recommendations of their expert advisers, Messrs. Henry Ives Cobb, of Chicago, and Edmund M. Wheelwright, of Boston, two architects of national reputation, and have advertised for designs in a new competition. These experts, in their report to the commissioners, placed the designs selected from the fifty-six submitted in the competition as the best five, in the following order of merit: First, Wendell & Humphreys, of Denver, Colorado, whose design we publish; second, J. A. Schweinfurth, of Boston; third, George R. Mann, of St. Louis; fourth, George de Gerts-torf, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts; fifth, Warren B. Dunnell, of Minneapolis. In the experts' report to the commissioners they set forth, at too great length for its entire publication here, their criticism upon the various designs awarded a place, going more fully into the merits and defects of the first-prize design, upon which their report is largely laudatory, and, after passing their judgment upon the

arrangement of the interior, etc., conclude as follows: "In spite of these criticisms we can safely say that, with the further study which any well-trained architect would give to a building of such importance, there is here presented, both in plan and external treatment, a design for a State capitol that would compare favorably with any in this country."

How it came to pass that, in face of this report, the commissioners rejected the design here so highly commended, would, perhaps, be an interesting story, but the particulars need not be gone into here. It is sufficient to say that Messrs. Wendell & Humphreys will offer a new design in the second competition which will embody all that was good in the first, with some improvements which it is believed will command for it the approval of the board and its advisers. In that event, Minnesota will have a capitol worthy of its enterprise and high civic spirit.

The "Bore" at Moncton, New Brunswick.

HARDLY more than a score of years have passed since an American text book (Morse's Geography), used in provincial schools, might have been cited as authority for the following statement:

"The Bay of Fundy is noted for its tides, which rise fifty, sixty, and even seventy feet, and so rapidly that even cattle feeding on the shores are often overtaken and drowned."

It is possible that there are still text-books which contain the statement, for there are persons who confidently affirm that foreign authors never startle a Canadian by the extent and accuracy of their knowledge of his country. To the credit of the Bay of Fundy, however, it must be said that, while in the above quotation the height of the tides is not very greatly over-estimated, the rapacity of the bay as an offspring of the hungry sea does not often seek satisfaction in devouring cattle.

Concerning the cause of the phenomena presented, it is sufficient to say that the Atlantic tides, sweeping along the curving coast-line from Cape Cod and the shores of Maine, are met by the projecting peninsula of Nova Scotia and forced within the comparatively narrow limits of the Bay of Fundy, which almost separates entirely the province of Nova Scotia from New Brunswick. With great volume and accelerating speed, at some points ten or twelve miles an hour, the tide rushes inward between rock-bound coasts on either side, fills the various smaller bays and inlets along its course, floods the low-lying shores that fringe the marshes near its head-waters, and, where these are intersected by small tidal streams, the now greatly compressed tidal-wave becomes a rapidly-advancing wall of foaming water. This wall, or "bore," varies with the state of the tides from a small wave to a mass of water nearly ten feet in height. The one represented in our engraving is five feet, four inches high.

This illustration is from a photograph of the Petitcodiac River at Moncton, New Brunswick. This town, which is the headquarters of the Intercolonial Railway of Canada and the centre of some important manufacturing industries, is situated at what is called the bend of the Petitcodiac River, twenty-three miles from its outlet to Shepody Bay, which is a small arm of the Bay of Fundy. The river forms at Moncton a complete elbow, and this point is the head of navigation. Of course vessels can traverse it only when the tide serves. At low tide in mid-summer one might wade across at the place shown in our engraving, which is just beside the town; but at flood tide large ships may float there in safety. If proof were needed, a large barque with full cargo of raw sugar for the Moncton refinery was discharged at the refinery wharf, at a point near which our photographer stood to secure the views of the river at ebb and at flood tide. A fleet of schooners traverse the river all summer, and in the days of wooden ship-building, vessels of two thousand tons were launched at Moncton and floated down to the bay.

To stand upon a wharf looking out across a stretch of reddish-colored sand extending nearly a mile to the diked shore opposite, your wharf elevated some forty feet or more above a very shallow, muddy stream, swiftly coursing along a comparatively narrow bed close to the wharf; to see presently at a neighboring bend a wall of water, it may be five or it may be nearly ten feet in height, rushing toward you at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, its front a wreathing mass of foam; to see it sweep past, and to note almost instantly that the whole expanse from wharf to dike is covered with tossing, muddy waters that gradually grow calmer, but continue to rise until a full-rigged ship or ocean steamer with cargo laden might float beside your wharf—to have had this experience is to have witnessed the "bore" and the variation of the tide at Moncton.

A. M. BELDING.



PROPOSED DESIGN FOR THE NEW STATE CAPITOL OF MINNESOTA AT ST. PAUL.



THE NEW CAPITOL OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON AT OLYMPIA.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS IN THE WEST—PROPOSED CAPITOL BUILDINGS IN TWO OF THE WESTERN STATES.
DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 425.]



THE HORSE GUARDS—WHITEHALL FROM ST. JAMES PARK.



RECRUITING-SERGEANT AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



A PROSPECTIVE "TOMMY ATKINS."



DETACHMENT OF THE LIFE GUARDS IN ST. JAMES PARK.



ON GUARD AT WHITEHALL.



LIFE GUARDS CHANGING GUARD AT WHITEHALL.

"TOMMY ATKINS" AND THE QUEEN'S SHILLING—RECRUITING FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IN LONDON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY BY HEMENT.—[SEE PAGE 428.]

TOMMY ATKINS.

RECRUITING FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins,
You're a good 'un, heart and hand;
You're a credit to your calling
And to all your native land.
May your luck be never failing,
May your love be ever true.
God bless you, Tommy Atkins;
Here's your country's love to you."

ENGLAND'S army of two hundred and twenty thousand men is organized on a short-service plan. A man who enlists spends five or six years of his time with his regiment and then passes into the army reserve. To meet the drain on the army which this passing from the regiments to the reserve makes upon it, thirty-five thousand recruits are required every year. Recruiting goes on in all parts of the country and all the year round. At every village fair the recruiting-sergeant is on hand, and every village postmaster is turned into a recruiting-agent; for in every post-office in the land there are displayed the gorgeous pictures of the well-groomed linesmen and the prancing cavalrymen, and from every post-office there are circulated thousands of pamphlets setting out in glowing terms the advantages of the army as a career for young men.

Recruiting is not nearly such easy work as it was thirty years ago. The bait held out to young men to enter the army is not taken as readily as it was before the era of compulsory education. The majority of the young men who accept service are usually hard pressed or in some desperate trouble before they take the Queen's shilling, and it often happens that considerably less than the required number of recruits offer themselves in the course of the year. Then the half-pay and retired officers write to the *Times*, insisting that the army is going to the dogs, that conscription cannot be staved off much longer, and that anyhow there ought to be an improved method of recruiting. On one of these occasions, a little while ago, it was seriously suggested that the finest regiments in the service ought to be marched through the length and breadth of the land to advertise the army, and that recruiting-officers by the score should follow in the wake of these regiments to pick up the young men in the country villages whose military ardor had been fired by the parade. Nothing came of this suggestion, and recruiting still goes on as it did a couple of generations ago.

Now, as then, London is the great recruiting centre, and of the London recruits the majority offer themselves to the officers who are to be seen every day of the week promenading in the neighborhood of the Horse Guards and on the National Gallery and St. Martin's Church side of Trafalgar Square. It is easy to see why the Horse Guards is the favorite beat of the recruiting-officers. Every day there is a military parade on a small scale there, when guard is mounted and a detachment of the household cavalry goes through its evolutions in the court-yard. The parade always draws an interested and admiring crowd, and it is a poor day when a score or more of likely young men do not offer for the cavalry service to the sergeants on duty outside the Horse Guard building.

All through his career a cavalryman has immensely more work to do than a soldier in the infantry or the artillery. The cavalryman's work, in fact, is practically never done, and he seldom has a couple of hours in the course of the day free from some duty or some work. Sunday and Monday are almost alike to the cavalryman; and his first six months in the service is sufficiently wearing to make hundreds of men desert. Notwithstanding all this, it is easier for the recruiting-officer to obtain offers for the cavalry than for the line. Hundreds of men have to accept service in the infantry as Hobson's choice. They are not sufficiently well-built to admit of being passed into the cavalry. For most of the crack regiments a chest measurement of thirty-six inches and a height of five feet ten inches is required. For the household troops men are wanted who are between five feet eleven inches and six feet one inch high, with corresponding chest measurements; and no recruit gets a chance of service with this handsome and popular body of men unless he can meet these requirements.

The young countryman who is accepted for any of the crack cavalry regiments has a hard apprenticeship in store for him. He may be slouching and lack shapeliness when he offers; but twelve months afterward his own family would hardly know him. He will have quite another appearance and bearing by the time he gets his first furlough and goes home on a visit to his native village. To show how this physical change is brought about, it is only necessary to sketch a cavalryman's day during the period

in which he is ranked as a recruit. It commences at five o'clock in the morning, and usually lasts until nine in the evening. At five o'clock reveille is sounded, and the recruit turns out, dresses, tucks up his mattress, and roughly folds the blankets and sheets of his bed. Fifteen minutes later he is in the stables turning out litter, watering and grooming his horse. This occupies an hour. When it is done forage is drawn, and other duties keep the recruit at the stables until a quarter past seven. Then he goes back to the barrack-room and tidies up his bed for the day. At half-past seven breakfast is served. Twenty minutes is allowed for this meal, and then back the recruit goes to the stables to get himself and his horse ready for riding-school at half-past nine. The next hour and a half is spent in company with a riding-master, and is usually a pretty hard time, especially for the recruit who was never astride a horse until he accepted the Queen's shilling. Even the countryman who has been accustomed to horses all his life has much to learn and a good deal to unlearn.

When riding-school is dismissed, back the recruit goes to the work of pipe-claying his belts, tidying his kit, and for another hour or more of duty in the stables. Dinner is served at one; then comes more pipe-claying, carbine-cleaning, and boot-blackening for drill at a quarter after two. Drill lasts until four o'clock; longer if the recruit has extra drills to put in for discipline. If not he has an hour to himself until five. Then again to the stables to bed down, feed, and groom his horse. Tea is served at six. This meal and the clearing away it involves last until seven. Then a couple of hours' work at cleaning accoutrements winds up the soldier's day.

Half a day on Sunday is the only holiday he gets, and even Sunday afternoon's leisure and comparative liberty are earned by an exceptionally hard morning's work. Church-parade is the great function of the week with the cavalry troop, and it needs so much preparation, so much pipe-claying of belts and leather-wear, and so much brightening up of buttons, swords, and sword-furnishings, that from getting-up time on Sunday morning to appearance on church-parade is a time of rush and bustle. When church is over there is the Sunday inspection of the barrack-room and the stables. Everything the soldier uses or possesses is liable to be turned out and overhauled at this weekly inspection, and until it is over there is no Sunday rest for him.

The initial and final scenes in the evolution of a cavalryman are admirably depicted in Mr. Hemment's pictures of military life and incident in London. Military etiquette keeps photographers and newspaper men outside of the barracks and stables where the intermediate processes go on. The final scene, where the fully-evolved cavalryman sits his horse, staring out into Parliament Street, while mounting guard at the Horse Guards, forms a familiar and picturesque feature of the West End of London.

EDWARD PORRITT.

The First Bicycle and the First Bicyclist.

THERE has never been in the history of invention a more typical or beautiful example of the return to the original type after it had been discarded and derided, than in the story of the bicycle. The bicycle as it was first made by Pierre Michaux in the early 'sixties was ten years ago the laughing-stock of the wheelman; to-day this same wheelman rides a machine which, despite its ball-bearings and pneumatic tires, bears a very close resemblance to Michaux's original bicycle. Curiously enough, the same return to a former position is by no means uncommon in the history of invention; for example, it has been seen during the same period in surgery. Ten years ago antiseptic surgery was introduced with its cumbersome paraphernalia; to-day the surgeon is back to hot water as a cleansing agent. These facts must not mislead the careless thinker to the belief that the bicycle of to-day has deteriorated, any more than that antiseptic surgery is a thing of the past. On the contrary, each line of work has been pushed far beyond the scope of their original projectors. The point is that the workers have learned the manner in which to apply their efforts best, and having learned this, they find that the foundations from which they started are, after all, the firmest things from which to build, because they are the simplest.

The history of the evolution of the bicycle, like that of photography, is filled with much misrepresentation and confusion. The pregnant facts are these: Baron von Drais, of

Mannheim on the Rhine, developed at the beginning of the century a machine to aid him in walking over his estates. It consisted simply of two wheels joined by a bar, on which he rested as he walked. This machine was greatly in vogue in the teens of the century. The Bowery and Bowling Green in 1819 were filled with these cumbersome, awkward machines. It is inscrutable why Baron von Drais or some follower of the "Draisine" never thought of adding pedals and cranks to their velocipedes. But as they did not, the fad died out.

Forty years later, in 1861, a French firm, M. Michaux et Cie, revised the old machine of von Drais, and added the long-deferred pedals; they also devised the idea of making the front wheel larger than the rear wheel. In this way, by careful workmanship, they succeeded in making a practical machine for locomotion. Mr. Charles E. Pratt, the well-known American bicycling authority, states in his history of bicycling that these inventions were made by Pierre Lallement, who was a workman in the employ of Michaux. Lallement came afterward to America, and the American patent on the crank movement stands in his name. The writer, however, had the opportunity, last summer, of examining the credentials of Henry Michaux, the son of the inventor, who was the first to ride his father's machine. This was in 1861, four years before Lallement was employed to improve the imperfections of the machine. The picture given on page 430 is taken from the original photograph, showing Henry Michaux, then a boy of fourteen, mounted on his original bicycle. This picture, which is unique, has always been in the possession of M. Michaux until he presented it to the writer last summer in Paris.

The various improvements which followed this invention of Michaux's are too well known to be rehearsed here; it is sufficient to state that from this machine developed the high-wheel bicycle, which is now called the "ordinary." This style of machine was used universally until about 1888, when the so-called "safety" came into vogue with its pneumatic tires and low wheels. This new machine has probably come to stay, for it is safer than the old high-wheel bicycle, it is pleasanter to ride, and it is much faster. Hence those riders who ten years ago complacently called their high machines "the modern bicycle" have lived to see the wheel of fortune revolve still further, so that their apparent progressiveness and superior modern spirit have been quickly shelved, and the story of their machines has gone into the archives of bicycling, along with the velocipede and the "Draisine."

J. HOWE ADAMS, M.D.

Woman on the Wheel.

It is safe to say that more ladies have adopted the bicycle this year than ever before. There is no form of exercise so well adapted to woman, when judiciously practiced, as cycling; no other form of exercise which imparts so much health and pleasure for the time expended. With the advent of light wheels ladies everywhere are adopting bicycles. The demand for ladies' wheels this year has been such that manufacturers could not meet it. With the adoption of the bicycle by ladies comes the question of a suitable costume. A comfortable suit is necessary to the enjoyment of this fascinating sport to its fullest extent. A woman properly attired never looks better than on a bicycle, providing she is an experienced wheelwoman and the machine is properly adjusted for her use, and from the fact that we see comparatively few ladies who appear well on the wheel may be deduced the certainty that it is the fault of the costume.

Pleasure-riding is practically impossible with a long dress in a swift breeze, as the skirt blows about, and is in continual danger of catching the chain. Many of the bumps and bruises received by women in learning to ride are directly attributable to the entangling skirt. A long skirt is not practical, the short skirt and leggings are better, but nothing approaches the rational or bloomer costume for ease and comfort. The number of ladies adopting this costume grows daily, and the cry of immodesty which first greeted its advent is fast giving way as women try it and perceive its advantages. Dress in the abstract is only a conventionality—a mere matter of custom. It changes with public sentiment, and although a new style may look very conspicuous at first—time familiarizes and accustoms us to it. A woman in bloomers on a wheel is now an object of curiosity. This will soon wear away when the sight becomes familiar. The slurs cast upon the bloomer costume are generally voiced by those who have never tried it, or perhaps never seen it. A few evenings since I met a young lady out riding in bloomers, and she rode so easily, looked so well, and appeared so comfortable that I wondered how any one could object to such a costume or fail to perceive its advantages.

Any woman who has worn the rational costume will tell you it is the only safe, comfort-

able, and practical dress for the wheel, and that she would not return to the long skirt for riding under any circumstances.

A woman dressed in the rational costume can ride nearly as far again, and with greater comfort, with the same expenditure of energy, as she could in the regulation long skirt.

"Any garment that is right for the purpose intended is not immodest," said a writer, recently, on the subject. What could be more graceful, modest, or sensible than the costumes shown in the accompanying illustrations? So long as a woman stays on her wheel the bloomers are all right, but when she dismounts and leaves it, "that's another story." This latter objection is overcome by the use, when off the wheel, of a skirt which buttons down the side and can be easily removed. Such a skirt, used in connection with loose-fitting bloomers met at the knee by a neat pair of leggings, with jacket, blouse, and cap, form one of the best of cycling habits.

Some ladies are quite as much averse to the bloomers as to skirts, and adopt knickerbockers as the ideal costume. The rational costume will, however, be more generally adopted for women on the wheel, as it answers the desired purpose—ease, comfort, and neat costume in cycling, and is a less radical departure from the ordinary dress.

A few words to the woman who wheels: Sit up straight—nothing looks worse than to see a woman bent forward on a wheel. Don't scorch—one can never become a graceful rider and ride at a breakneck speed. An improved appearance on the wheel may be insured by turning the knees in, in pedaling, rather than out as is the natural tendency. Observance of this suggestion will insure freedom from the conspicuous knee-action.

Have your wheel properly adjusted. The saddle should be neither too high nor too low, and the proper distance from the handle-bars to permit a comfortable, upright position. A good rule to follow in adjusting the saddle is to place it so that the heel may just reach the pedal.

It is a woman's privilege and duty to look well upon her wheel. Two things are absolutely necessary to secure the desired end—proper adjustment of the bicycle, and a comfortable, natty, and lady-like costume.

G. H. E. HAWKINS.

The German Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe.

"If you will be in the dining-room of the Hotel Bristol to-morrow about noon you will have a chance to talk to Prince Hohenlohe," was the message received by your correspondent through a mutual friend, from the chancellor's son, Prince Alexander. Promptly on the following day I found the aged diplomat and his son quite alone at a table, and a very favorable opportunity for my mission.

If, according to the old proverb, "a man answers to his fame," Prince Chlodwig Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst could tell much in addition to that which history has already written about him. We are all familiar with his successful career in the Bavarian ministry, and but for his circular letter of April 9th, 1869, written at the time, it is said, under the influence of Dr. Dollinger, and directed to Bavaria's representatives abroad, concerning the Catholic Church, but which was rejected by Prince Bismarck, he might have continued indefinitely to guide the destinies of Bavaria. Had Bismarck at the time accepted his advice on this question he would have spared himself, the trouble of the Falk laws, and the subsequent humiliation of the Kulturkampf. Undaunted, however, by this failure, Prince Hohenlohe has ever advocated Bavaria's joining the North German federation, and shortly after the Franco-Prussian War Bismarck selected him for the Paris mission, to succeed the unfortunate Count Harry von Arnim.

With consummate skill he guided Germany's interests in France—not an easy task in those days. His ancient lineage, great wealth, and suave disposition, together with a very pliable, patient manner, gave him every advantage and personal prestige. His services as viceroy of Elsass-Lothringen finally completed the long list of brilliant political achievements covering almost half a century. With a keen sense of right and wrong, and a perfect knowledge of human nature, he was enabled to create order out of chaos—for his predecessor, General Manteuffel's coquetry with the clericals and the aristocratic element of old Elsass had thrown the rank and file of the people almost into a state of rebellion.

The prince soon turned the ship of state into smooth waters, and after a few years he had secured the attention, the respect, and the confidence of the people. His rule in Elsass-Lothringen was one of honest endeavor; always just and frequently generous. His house was ever open to all. From his private secretary I learn that the simple peasant received as much

attention as the banker or *bürgermeister*, and it was quite touching to see the aged prince patiently listen to the woful tales of female petitioners. His equable temper is largely due to his fortunate domestic relations. The princess, a daughter of the house of Sayn-Wittgenstein, has always made his home life a paradise, and in the refined circle of his family his disposition has become kind and conciliatory.

The frost of seventy-five winters has bleached his scant crop of hair, and his frame, which is small and delicate, appears scarcely able to cope with the great task before him. There is an indefinable something in his repose which always attracted my attention. Phrenologically he appears an open secret. The broad, high, and

Württemberg. Thereupon King Karl, of the latter country, requested the head of the house of Hohenlohe to submit the patent of his nobility for examination. To this the prince replied by letter as follows:

"I am not able to submit a diploma of our title, but I append a few documents which, I venture to hope, may answer the purpose." The documents were, first, a description of a tournee in the fifteenth century, when a Count Hohenlohe knocked out a Count Württemberg. Second, an old document describing the wedding of a Countess Hohenlohe, with a Count Württemberg carrying her train; and lastly, a certificate of indebtedness by a Count of Württemberg to a Count of Hohenlohe. C. F. D.



THE QUANTRELL MASSACRE MONUMENT AT LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

full forehead clearly indicates a copious, well-balanced mind under masterly control. There is also an uncommonly wide space between the eyes, another proof of considerable sagacity. No irregular feature mars the gentle expression which stamps his philosophic face. The eyes have a contemplative, I might say religious, depth, with a truthfulness at once inviting and reassuring. If anything the eye looks a trifle receptive—slow, and mentally calculative; deep furrows seam his brow, and down the cheeks, parched and dry, as if pointing to an ascetic life. His voice is low, a trifle heavy, and always used with measured precision. Neither enthusiasm nor emotion characterizes his speech. It is brief and pregnant. Even on the occasion of a late dinner in a *chambre séparée* of the famous Hotel Bristol, a few evenings ago, in the company of his son, Prince Alexander, and the present viceroy of Elsass-Lothringen, when I was permitted to be present for a few minutes, the sudden arrival of a royal courier—one of the Emperor's *leibjäger*—who interrupted the social dinner with a large sealed letter addressed to Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, did not appear to disturb his contemplative mind. The letter, by the way, was written in the Emperor's own bold penmanship, and began, "Mein lieber Oheim." This only goes to prove the exceeding friendly relations between the Emperor and the viceroy.

The present chancellor has a decided, albeit not an aggressive, temperament. Nor will he be able to weather parliamentary storms as England's great Commoner, Gladstone, has done at the same time of life. As Reichskanzler, in the Wilhelm Strasse, Prince Hohenlohe holds a brilliant court. The salary of his present office is a mere drop in the bucket of his needs. His great wealth includes valuable estates in Franconia, Upper Bavaria, and in Austria he possesses also vast tracts of valuable land in the districts of Kowno and Minsk in the government of Warsaw, one-third of which in the latter country was disposed of a few years ago at a sacrifice of ten million rubels, about one million pounds sterling. Yet his daily life is as simple as that of any modest citizen. He loves a good table, however, and is never without his Mocha, which he brews himself when away from home.

Of the many stories told at his expense, the following may not be without a moral: On recasting the map of central Europe at the Vienna Congress after the Napoleonic wars, the vast Hohenlohe possessions were also to be parceled, one part of which came within the boundary of

Quantrell Massacre Monument.

THE war of the Rebellion had no more exciting incident in the conflicts west of the Mississippi than Quantrell's massacre at Lawrence, Kansas. The guerrilla leader with less than two hundred followers dashed into the defenseless and unarmed city on the morning of August 21st, 1863, sacking and burning the place and murdering one hundred and fifty-one citizens, whose bodies, many charred and mutilated beyond recognition, lie buried in the city's cemetery. Quantrell himself was a former resident of Lawrence, then the largest place in the State, and he determined to wipe it out of existence. The survivors of that thrilling event in border warfare unveiled and dedicated, on Memorial Day, a handsome monument of Vermont granite, erected to the memory of the raiders' victims and placed over their graves. The ceremony was the most notable observance in Kansas on that day, and was attended by the State military and officers, as well as thousands of citizens.

The Great Yale-Harvard Race.

(Continued from page 422.)

"With Langford at stroke, the rowing of the crew has shown progressive and constant improvement, and for reasons that are easy to understand. His sense of rhythm is faultless, and as a consequence the 'beat' of the stroke is as regular as clock-work. Such perfect regularity has its effect in breeding a degree of confidence in the rest, thus making it possible for them to devote more attention to points of the stroke other than 'time'; and the effect of this is seen in the remarkable smoothness of the rowing, as well as in the perfect time.

"The length of stroke rowed by this year's crew, contrasted with that of the 1894 crew, must also be pleasing to the eye of those admirers of the Cook system who last year were alarmed at the 'shortness' of the crew. This feature is also due in no inconsiderable measure to Langford, and is of immense value in that it gives the tall men occupying the waist of the boat an opportunity to do their work while it does not over-extend the shorter individuals at one, two, and three.

"Thus we find a crew rowing a long, even, sweeping stroke in which the time is perfect;

the water is taken up smoothly and with a terrific swing; the slides are well held, and the leg-drive, made at the proper time, sustains the energy of the swing. The finish is easy, and the recover accomplished in the same manner and with no perceptible check of the boat's way.

"Compared with some of the crews of particular excellence that have represented Yale during the past decade, the 1895 eight is somewhat slow; it lacks, for instance, the dash of the 1888 and 1892 crews. More specifically, there is a slight tendency to hang at the catch, and as this fault means that the blades are a trifle slow in starting toward the stern of the boat as the swing begins, because the oarsmen tire in some cases, the blades scratch the water and are not firmly anchored.

"Finally, the recovery might be made easier and more perfect were the hands, shoulders, and slide started at an earlier moment and at a higher rate of speed. Yet, even considering these faults, the crew may justly be said to be a fast one—not so fast, mind, as the 1888 or 1892 crews—still, much above the average. They may lose; but to bring about such a catastrophe their opponents from Cambridge will have to row a finished race in nearly record time."

In regard to Langford, it should be said, in further explanation, that to Dr. Bolton is due the honor of the "find." Last year he was the first of the Yale coachers to come to the conclusion that the 1894 crew was rowing "short," and in the beginning of the training of candidates for this year's crew saw clearly that Armstrong would never do at stroke, for he was built so as to set even a shorter stroke than Johnson. And so it came about that the quest was instituted which resulted in the discovery of Langford.

W. T. Ball.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

Whist Practice.

MANY good whistites were caught napping on Problem No. 20, despite our warning, and made C discard the deuce of hearts. The following is the correct line of play to win four tricks: A leads ace of clubs, B queen of hearts, C five of diamonds, D five of clubs. A leads nine of clubs, B king of hearts, C nine of diamonds, D king of clubs. D leads seven of diamonds, which gives two tricks in diamonds and one in hearts to C. It was correctly mastered by Messrs. G. Allen, E. D. Brown, G. Brill, "P. H. B.," J. W. Craford, E. Chadwick, M. E. Dixon, Dr. Eastman, W. T. Eldridge, T. F. Cumming, C. N. Gowin, C. L. Greene, G. Haas, W. P. Hatch, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," W. Lane, C. H. Martins, Mrs. H. T. Menner, E. Moore, G. Noonan, E. Orr, H. W. Pickett, W. Phillips, R. Rogers, P. Stafford, C. S. Stanworth, "A. J. S.," J. F. Smith, Dr. Tyler, C. K. Thompson, G. Vance, W. R. White, H. Whitely, and W. Young.

Here is an odd little ending which will give the experts some trouble to find the best line of play, presented as Problem No. 25:

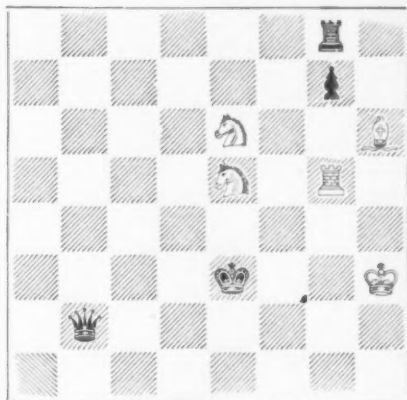


Trumps all out. A leads, and with his partner C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 20. BY S. LOYD.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 17. BY KANE.

White.
1 P to Q 4.
2 Q to B 5 mate!

Black.
1 R to B 7.

This clever problem was correctly mastered by Messrs. G. M. Ross, "Newburg," C. Ottis, W. L. Fogg, A. Odebrecht, Jr., P. Hubbard, T. B. Miller, P. Stafford, W. H. Denham, W. E. Haywood, Dr. Baldwin, R. G. Fitzgerald, "Ivanhoe," T. Cox, C. V. Smith, R. Rogers, W. Trum, T. Stout, W. Spain, L. S. Lessing, F. Stoutenburg, G. Moss, and H. Allen. All others were incorrect, and the Commodore is to be complimented upon having composed a problem which puzzled some of our best experts.

This week's problem is published at the request of a correspondent, who says: "If there is a possible solution, the position is surely entitled to a representation in the collection of gems which you are giving in the Puzzle Corner."

Our Foreign Pictures.

"VALKYRIE III," CUP-CHALLENGER.

MORE than a passing inspection of the lines of Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie III*, as she lies upon the ways, should be indulged by those interested in the coming international yacht-race for the America's Cup this fall. The view of her so aptly caught by the *Illustrated London News* representative, is of the kind to show her lines to advantage. For instance, we may easily note the extreme rake of the stern post, which is a guarantee of lightning quickness in stays; and her great depth and bulging of the bulb keel, which cannot but be realized at a glance, serves to show the labors of Designer Watson in the way of giving *Valkyrie III* tenacity to "hold on" in going to windward. The curve of her midship section is bold, to say the least, and it will be strange indeed if she does not prove the sea boat all previous Watson craft have up to the present time. An official statement of dimensions is wanting now, still it would not be missing the mark a great deal to place her length over all at 123 feet, load-waterline-length 90 feet, beam 23½ feet, and draught 19 feet.

LORD ROSEBERY'S SECOND DERBY WINNER.

Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto is not the beautiful animal to look at that Ladas, winner of the Derby last year, was, and his winning of the great "Blue Riband" event of the English turf this year came in the nature of a surprise to the followers of turf affairs who could not forget his poor performances in the two-thousand-guineas and Newmarket stakes. His appearance later on at Doncaster should be watched with interest, in view of the possible starting of one of the Croker-Dwyer string against him. The St. Visto victory scores Lord Rosebery's second successive Derby.

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them. *

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



THE KNICKERBOCKER COSTUME.

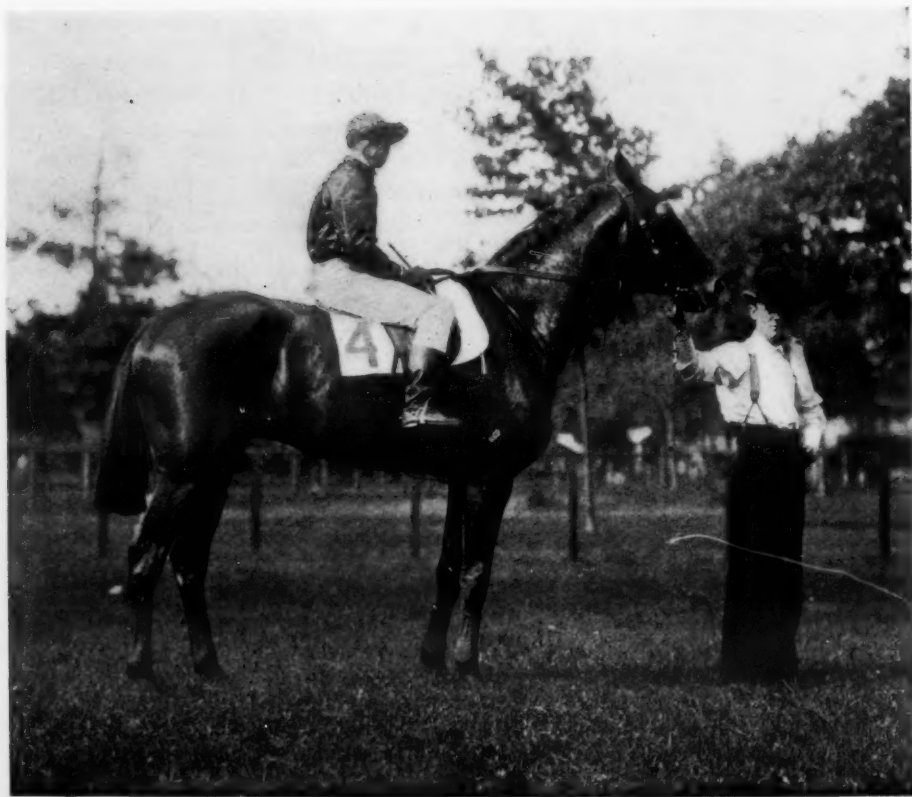


HENRY MICHAUX MOUNTED ON THE BICYCLE INVENTED BY HIS FATHER, PIERRE MICHAUX, IN 1861.

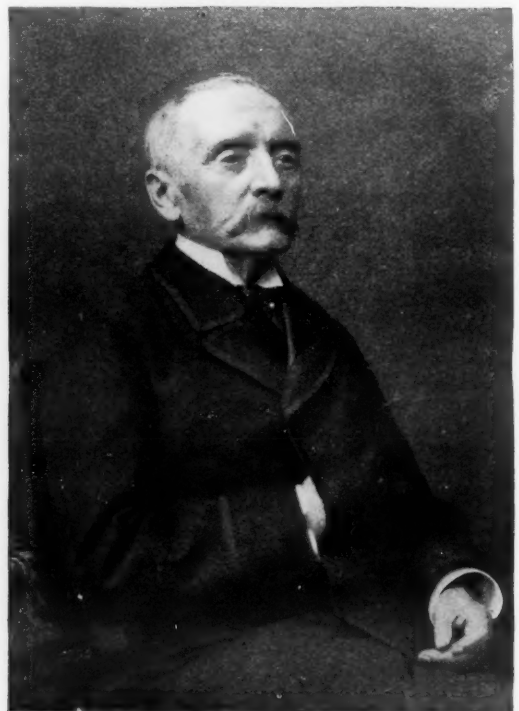


THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

THE BICYCLE, OLD AND NEW.—[SEE PAGE 428.]



LAZZARONE (HAMILTON UP), WINNER OF THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, WHOSE UNEXPECTED SUCCESS HAS CREATED SCANDAL IN THE RACING CIRCLES.



Ch. Hohenlohe

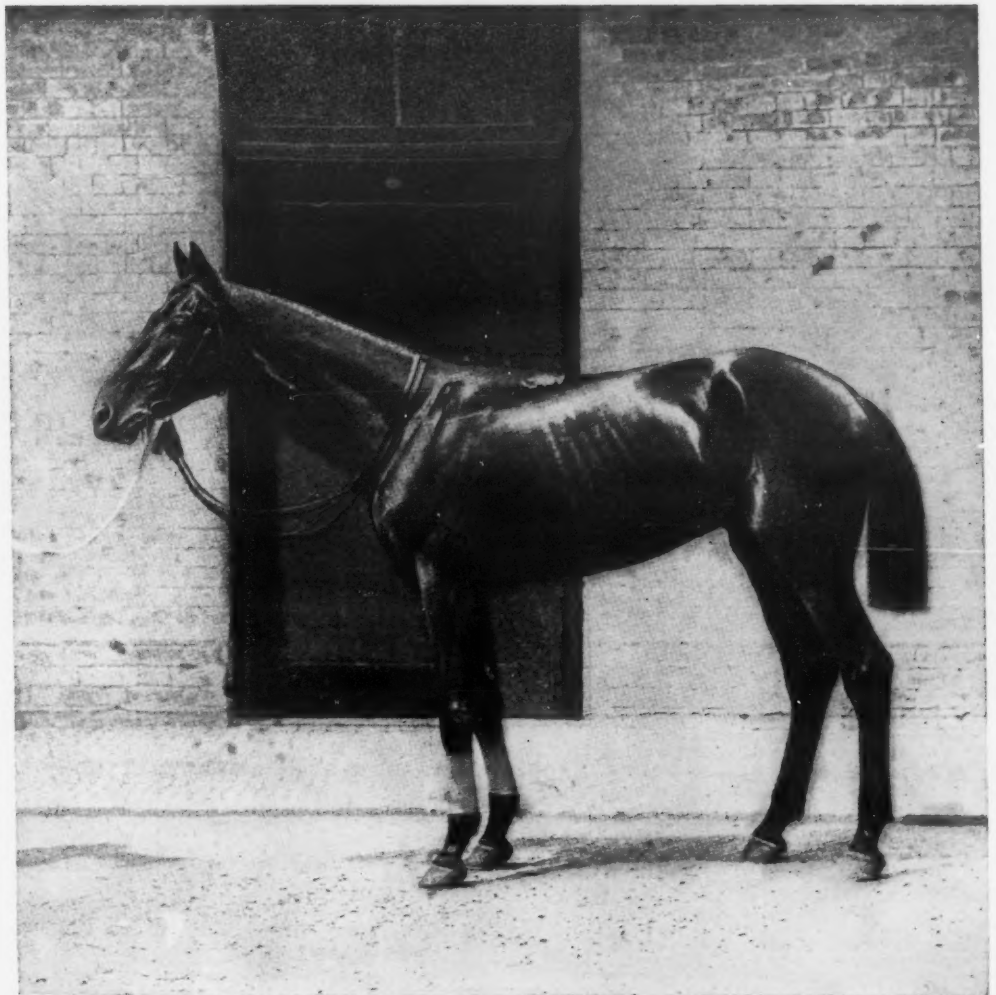
PRINCE HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG, THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR.—PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHAARWACHTER, BERLIN.—[SEE PAGE 428.]



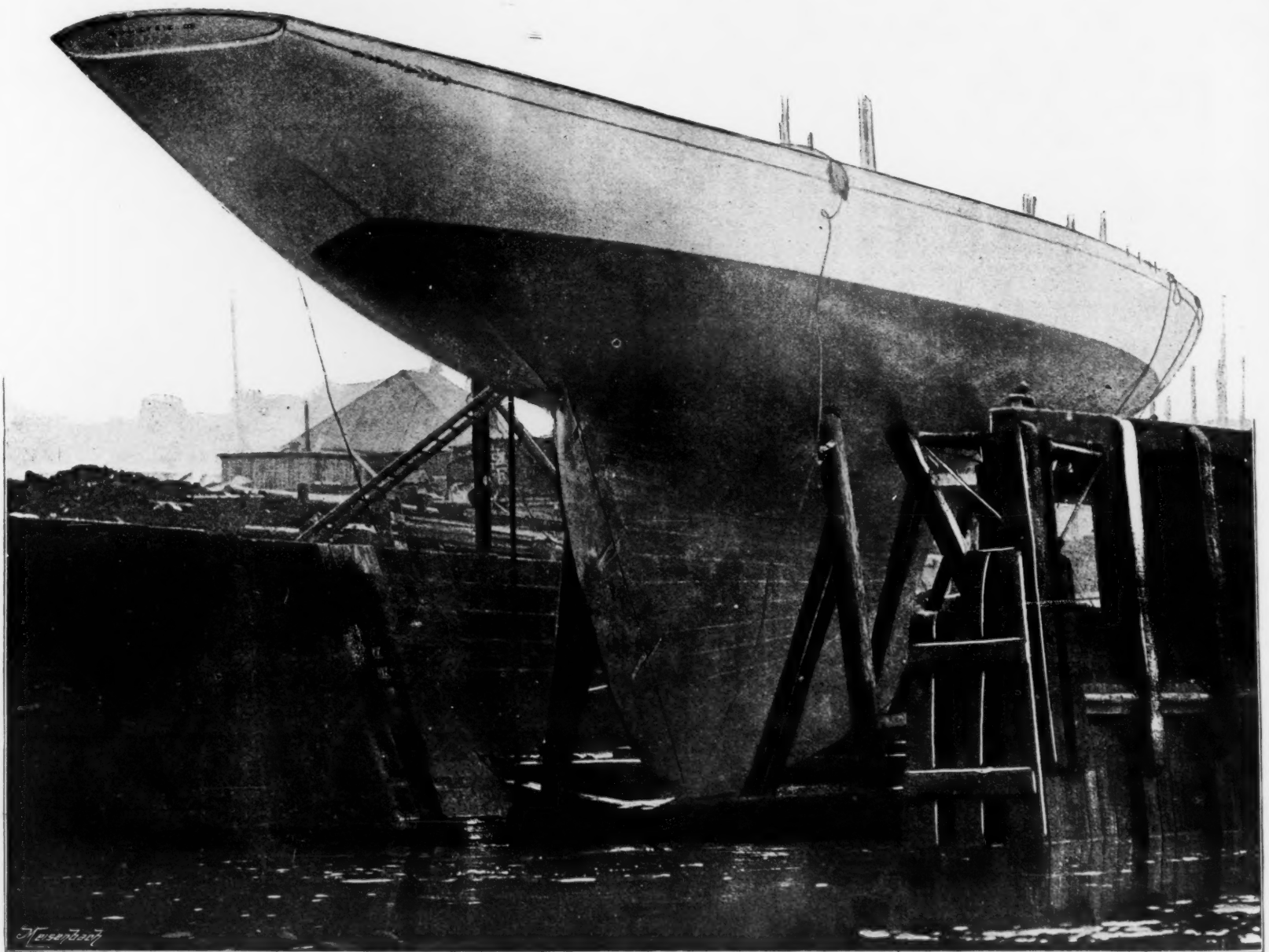
THE "BORE" AT MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, SHOWING HOW THE TIDE RUSHES IN BETWEEN THE ROCK-BOUND COASTS.—[SEE PAGE 425.]



THE EXPEDITION IN MADAGASCAR—EXECUTION OF AN INCENDIARY.
L'illustration.



THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, LORD ROSEBERY'S SIR VISTO.—*Illustrated London News.*



LORD DUNRAVEN'S NEW YACHT, "VALKYRIE III."—*Illustrated London News.*

THE GREAT MOUNTAIN CHAUTAUQUA.

The Paradise of the Mountains, on the summit of the Alleghenies. Thirteen years of splendid history; three hundred and fifty thousand dollars invested in beautifying the great park of eight hundred acres. Splendid hotels and cottage accommodations at from six to fifteen dollars a week. The Summer School, with twenty departments of important study, under the care of the best instructors out of leading universities, August 7th to 27th. The Great Mountain Chautauqua meets August 7th to the 27th. One hundred professionals, well known in the entertainment field, will fill the passing days with pleasure and profit. It is the coolest, the cheapest, the most inspiring place in America to spend a summer vacation. It is on the main line of the picturesque Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, express trains with sleeping- and parlor-cars to the doors. If you are interested, the sixteen-page, handsome, illustrated detailed programme will be mailed to you, if you will send your name and address to the agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, Mountain Lake Park, Maryland.

The *Sequoia gigantea*, or California "big tree," was one of the first trees to grow on our globe. It appeared in the mesozoic epoch.

Among the men who early felt the benefits of cycling and did not hesitate to expend money, is Colonel Ben S. Lovell, of Boston, treasurer of the John P. Lovell Arms Company of that city. Their firm name has been a familiar one for over fifty years, having been established in 1840, doing a sporting-goods and gun business. Being in a kindred trade, it was but natural that they should engage in the making and selling of bicycles. Their success has been unbounded, as they have made a name for the Lovell Diamond Cycles that is a familiar household one in every hamlet in the land. It is not possible to have done that without cost, and a considerable one, too, as readers of current literature will admit: for have not all of us encountered the symbolic words "Lovell Diamonds," and known them to represent the bicycles of the Lovell Arms Company? To estimate the gross amount that has been expended for advertising would be a difficult task, and well nigh impossible, but it is said that considerably over one hundred thousand dollars was spent by them during 1894 in printer's ink. All the big Eastern dailies had entire pages, which cost lots of money, and the magazines filled many pages, exploiting Lovell Diamond Cycles.

The first east-iron bridge ever built was at Coalbrookdale, England, in 1779. The covered bridge at Pavia over the Ticino was built about 1340.

NATURAL domestic champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND THE SUMMER?

HAVE you given the matter any thought? The farmers, hotel-keepers, and the West Shore Railroad have done it for you. New resorts have been established near New York and in the Catskill Mountains.

An elaborate illustrated book will soon be issued by the West Shore Railroad, giving a long list of summer homes and outing places. The work can be had free on application, or by sending six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, General Eastern Passenger Agent, No. 363 Broadway, New York.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

It is so easy to be mistaken about indigestion, and think there is some other trouble. The cure is Ripans Tabules. One tabule gives relief. Ask any druggist.

FLAVOR all your cold drinks with twenty drops of Angostura Bitters. Dr. Siegert's the only genuine.

CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

THE Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 28. North River, foot of Murray Street. Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 17th.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

YOUNG MOTHERS

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for thirty years, and its value is recognized.

"A THING of beauty and a joy forever" is the Little Bijou Grand Piano manufactured by Sohmer & Co. Call at the warehouse, No. 149-155 East Fourteenth Street, and see this wonderful creation of musical skill.



TEUTONIC

A Concentrated Liquid Extract of Malt and Hops.

It contains a greater amount of nutritious matter than any other Liquid Malt Extract in the market. For convalescents, nursing mothers, sufferers from insomnia and dyspepsia—superior to any other Malt Extract on account of its purity, and unexcelled as a pleasant appetizer, invigorant, and a valuable substitute for solid food.

At all Druggists.

TEUTONIC is a delightful Table Beverage
S. LIEBMAN'S SONS'
BREWING CO.,
36 Forrest Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

IN THE WORLD OF BEAUTY

Cuticura SOAP

IS SUPREME

Not only is it the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, but it is the purest, sweetest, and most refreshing for toilet, bath, and nursery. It strikes at the cause of bad complexions, falling hair, and simple baby blemishes, viz.: THE CLOGGED, INFLAMED, OVERWORKED, OR SLUGGISH PORE.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: NEWBERRY, London. POTTER, DEBU & CHEM. CORP., Sole Prods., Boston, U.S.A.

Muddy

A "MUDDY COMPLEXION" AND A SOILED SKIN ARE IMPOSSIBLE IF CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP (PERSIAN HEALING) IS USED REGULARLY.

It is not safe to use a poor complexion soap. An old, tried soap like Constantine's may be depended upon for purity. It is a wonderful beautifier of the skin.

Complexion.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best. Warehouses: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

TAMAR A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

INDIEN Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

GRILLON E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.

FACIAL BLEMISHES. Largest establishment in the world for the treatment of SKIN, SCALP, AND NERVES. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. City, inventor of WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. Send 10c. for sample and 150-page book on Dermatology.

THIRTY-ONE INFORMATION BUREAUS.

Each of the city ticket-offices of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad in New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco is an Information Bureau—thirty-one in all.

Complete information in regard to rates and routes for reaching the principal health and pleasure resorts of America can be obtained free; also information regarding principal hotels at such resorts, their rates, accommodations, etc., etc.

We have a great variety of books and pictures descriptive of the hotels and their surroundings. Agents are always glad to assist callers. It may pay you to consult them before laying out your route.

The Illustrated Catalogue New York Central Books and Etchings sent free, post-paid, on receipt of a one-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent.

CAPTIVE SWEETS



SALESMEN—\$100 a week is offered by fake humbug firms. We pay only what you are worth. Newly invented Scientific Pipe called Everlasting Cigar; made of asbestos; cannot be told from cigars; use any tobacco; is indestructible. Want good men to sell to trade and consumers. Big profit; sample and advertising matter 15 cents, \$1 per dozen. Secure territory now. Reference, Bradstreet's and Dunn's. Everlasting Cigar Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

A Trilby Foot

or any other sort requires nice boots and a neat skirt edge; the

Bias Velvetten Skirt Bindings do not deface the shoes and give the most elegant finish to the skirt edge.

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, mailed for 10c. in stamps. The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York. "S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

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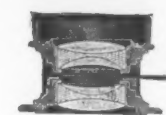
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Sir Edwin Arnold and Gladstone.

It is frequently the case that political enemies may be close personal friends, as the following incident will illustrate. The writer had the pleasure, not long ago, of dining with Sir Edwin Arnold, in the little town of Atami, in Japan, where the poet was then living. In speaking of English politics, Sir Edwin remarked:

"Though I have opposed Mr. Gladstone politically nearly all my life, he has always been my warm personal friend. He is a wonderful man, but most erratic. There isn't a question of the day of which he has not been on both sides. Still, I think that a man who never changes his mind has no mind to change."

The poet pushed back his coffee-cup and continued:

"One night in London I met him out at dinner, after which we both had to leave early. At that time Mr. Gladstone was leading a movement which I considered very dangerous to the welfare of England. Mrs. Gladstone accompanied us to the door, and as I helped her husband on with his top-coat, she said: 'Now tie William's comforter for him,' at the same time handing me a long, woolen neck-muffler. And as I put it around his neck, with one end in each hand, I thought amusedly to myself: 'Now, here is my chance! One pull and I can save England!'"

W. F. D.

A BEVERAGE FOR WHEELMEN.

NEXT to being lost at sea, there is nothing that brings on the pangs of thirst quicker than bicycling. The hot sun and the constant inhalation of dust quickly parch the throat and make the biker long for the next stop for refreshments. The wise rider a cold ice-water, well knowing its danger. Alcoholic beverages are likewise tabooed because of their heating propensities, and there is little satisfaction in wishy-washy stuff sold under the broad classification of "soft drinks." A well-known wheelman, in speaking of this, said:

"What to drink is a very problem to a man on a long, hot run. The only drink I know really fit for a bicycle rider is Hires's Rootbeer, carbonated. There are but few places now at which it cannot be had, and I tell you it braces one right up; seems to go right down to the bottom of your pedal-workers. It is cooling and refreshing, quickly lowering your temperature and fully satisfying your thirst. I tell you, there's nothing like it, and I've sworn off all other drinks when on the road." Hires's Rootbeer, carbonated, is made from the famous Hires's Rootbeer extract by the same formula, without adulteration of any kind. Besides being delicious it possesses many medicinal qualities, making it as popular with wheelmen and pedestrians as the good home-made Hires's Rootbeer is with the folks at home.

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TEACHER—"Speaking of imports, with what does Canada supply us?"

Bright boy—"Silver coins that won't pass in the horse-cars."—Judge.

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Mamma—"Why?"

Johnnie—"Cause there's not enough pie even for half a twin."—Judge.

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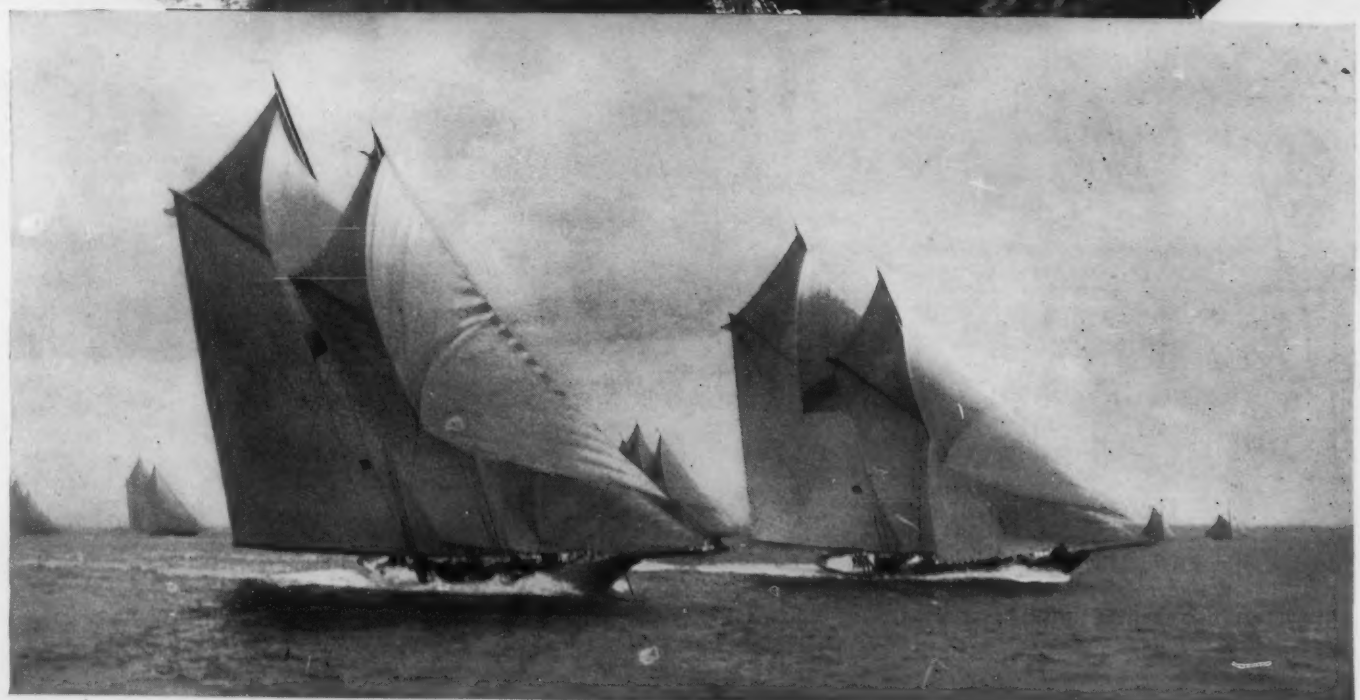
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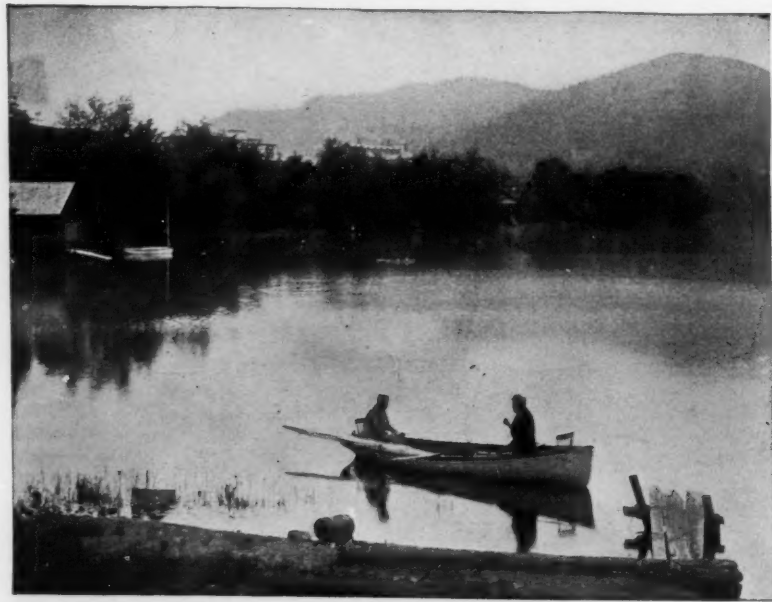
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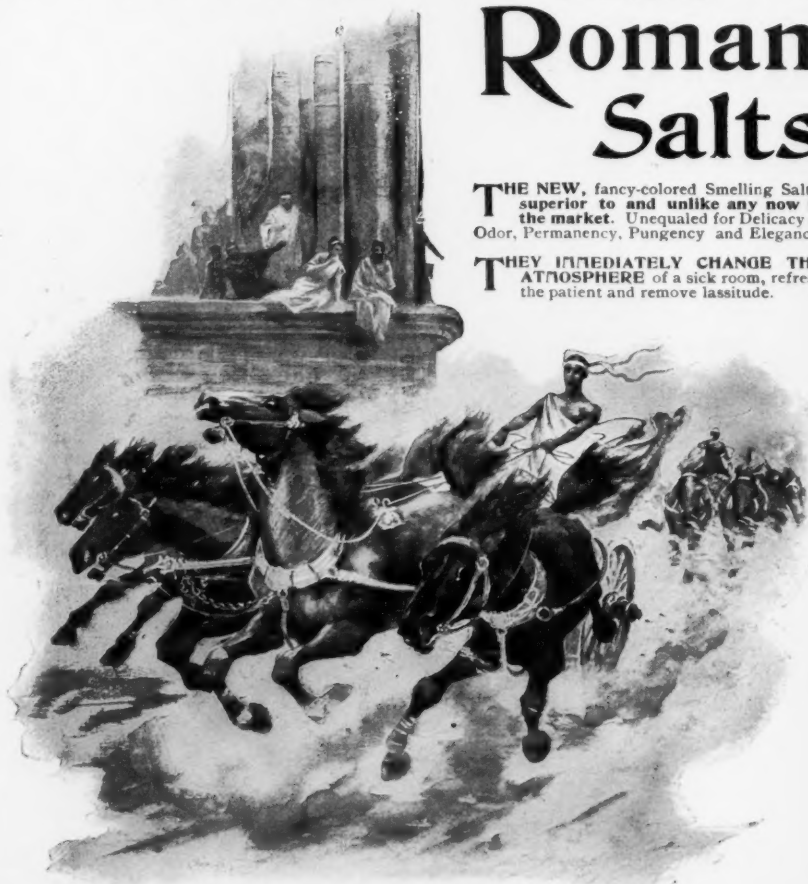
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